GB 113 GOLDEN BOY BOOKS $2.50

MEAT

BY LAMBERT WILHELM

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Golden Boy Book 113

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FOREWORD

Kinsey estimated that fifty percent of males have engaged in overt homosexual activity at least occasionally.

Within the remaining fifty percent can be included those to whom the very idea of homosexuality is an anathema: those who have had the opportunity for homosexual encounters but have resisted them. But there is also within this percentile group certain individuals who have not experimented with gay sex primarily because they have not been exposed to it.

It is often a very difficult procedure to "come out" in gay life, not only because of the basic underlying sexual taboos which have been set up by society (as archaic as those taboos may have become), but also because joint paranoia often makes it impossible for one inexperienced male to approach another, even if there is a definite attraction existing between the two. Despite the prevailing myth, a homosexual does not make obvious advances toward each and every member of the same sex with whom he comes into daily contact.

There are, therefore, certain men among us who are confident of their heterosexuality mainly because they have somehow been shielded from sexual experiences that have differed from the accepted heterosexual norm.

Social contact, after all, has long been identified as one of the prime contributing factors to homosexual development within our society.

"One of the major influences is early homosexual experiences," says THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR: PSYCHOLOGY, PSYCHIATRY, AND MENTAL HEALTH. It goes on to say that males may also "become involved in homosexual behavior in correctional

institutions, military service, or boarding schools, where they are in close contact with members of their own sex and at the same time have little or no opportunity for heterosexual relationships."

The following, then, is the story of Monty Darnel who has led a life in which contact with gays has been kept at a decided minimum. His latent homosexual desires, therefore, have been exposed to no situations which have allowed them to develop as they might well have done under more favorable conditions.

It is the story of one young man suddenly being forced into re-evaluating his ideas of what is sexually right for him within society: forced by a violent confrontation with three men who have come to look upon Monty's very existence as a threat to their own personal well-being and survival.

CHAPTER 1

The bar was called The Station House because the building—many, many years back—had been a police station. The tavern didn't take up the whole building but just a corner of the bottom floor. Actually, it was rather small, looking crowded even now that there were only a few people in it.

Monty Darnel, sitting at a side table, hadn't been here before. But he figured he would come again. He liked the place. He also liked the people. The latter were clean-cut collegiate types on the whole, young men who seemed to like wearing blue jeans and cowboy boots on their nights off. Mainly the crowd seemed to be drinking bottled beer or draft. Off in a corner table, there was one dude with a girl, both of whom were drinking what looked like water but what was probably white wine over ice.

Monty was drinking Budweiser from one of those phallic, long-necked bottles that one could grip firmly like you grabbed your own cock when you masturbated. Although, the bottle felt cold in the palm of Monty's hand where his cock would have been as hot as a poker.

The bar door opened and a young teenager came in. He looked so young, as a matter of fact, that the bartender asked for his I.D. Monty decided the kid could hardly be the guy Monty was supposed to be meeting. Granted, Monty had only heard the voice over the phone; but, that particular voice didn't somehow seem to go with anyone there in the room. Although Monty wouldn't have bet his life on it. Some of the biggest, butchest guys around had voices on them that didn't fit their physiques at all.

Monty motioned for another beer. As it was still early afternoon, the regular bar maid wasn't on duty. The bartender brought over

Monty's new bottle, made change, and picked up Monty's empty. Back at the bar, the bartender dimmed the lights a little further.

The dude and the girl in the corner got up to leave. Monty watched them go, not too impressed with either of them. Monty had his own personal idea of what was attractive in both men and women. He didn't find that unusual. He was always hearing friends grade passing broads on a scale of one to ten. Monty rated this girl around six, meaning he *possibly* wouldn't throw her out of bed. The guy was probably a six, too. Monty figured the dude would have looked a hell of a lot better out of his suit and in one of the cowboy outfits that would have been more typical of the surroundings.

Of everyone in the whole room, Monty thought the teenager who had moved to the end of the bar was probably the only high seven. A high seven was a damn good rating. Ten, after all, was a degree of perfection that nobody ever reached.

The kid was blond. Monty was blond. The kid had a nice, compact body. Monty had a nice, compact body. The kid had a square jaw, cleft chin. So did Monty. Monty usually rated guys higher the closer they came to Monty's own good looks. Monty actually rated himself a nine by his own standards. He admitted to having a certain degree of narcissism. On the other hand, he did know what he liked.

The teenager had taken a bar stool next to a redhead who was probably a high six. The two were talking. And Monty, as he often did, began to wonder if either the teenager or the other young man was gay. It was strange that Monty invariably ended up wondering that about almost every man. Anyway, Monty thought it was strange. After all, what the hell difference did it make if a guy was gay or not? Monty, although he was sure' he wouldn't want to get sexually involved with another guy, felt himself broad-minded enough not to be upset by that need in others. Let everyone do their own thing: that was his motto.

In truth, Monty had even missed out on the brief homosexual encounter most every male—at least according to Freud—was supposed to undergo at least once in his lifetime. Monty wondered why he had not had at least the one encounter.

Of course, he was a little old to have one now, was't he? A guy at twenty-two didn't as easily stumble into that sort of thing as a young kid might have. Young kids, just into puberty, were all hot to experience any and all sex, since it was all pretty much of a

mystery. At twenty-two, though, a guy should have definitely known that cunt was the proper thing to screw, the right thing to fuck, and the best thing to pump cock into. Monty figured he was no exception. He had fucked his share of women, had shown the majority of them a damn good time.

Still, it did seem funny that no queer ever propositioned Monty for sex. Because Monty was one hell of a good-looking stud, wasn't he? And he wasn't just being vain about that, either. Didn't queers go for the handsome butch types?

Hell, what was Monty thinking of? You would have thought he was disappointed because he hadn't gotten any offer from some screaming faggot who wanted to blow Monty's cock; when, in fact, Monty was probably damn lucky that he hadn't been approached. After all, just how did one handle being mistaken by one queer for another? Monty had had a friend in college who had been propositioned for sex by a queer. John, Monty's friend, had broken the faggot's jaw. Monty, though, somehow thought he could be just a bit more diplomatic. After all, the way he figured it, it was actually just as much of a compliment if a guy wanted to have sex with you as if a girl did.

Of course, Monty had no plans whatsoever of ever sticking it to another guy. Hell, no, he was as straight as they came. If he hadn't been, wouldn't the queers have sensed it a long time ago and come running? Obviously, Monty looked and acted too straight to take a chance on.

The tavern door came open again, admitting two men who didn't seem to be with one another. One was obviously just looking for the toilet. He headed in that direction as soon as the bartender gave him directions. The other, more in line with what Monty figured he was waiting for, ordered a beer and headed for a nearby table.

The newcomer was big, well-built, poured into a tight pair of pants that showed so much of a basket that Monty could tell that the guy's cock was circumcised.

Monty didn't find it any more strange now than he ever had that he was checking out another man's prick. There was nothing unusual in that, after all, was there? Besides, it wasn't as if Monty were looking to size up a potential sex partner. Hell, no. He was looking merely to check out the competition. There wasn't a guy

around, gay or straight alike, who didn't do a bit of comparing in the locker room or wherever else the opportunity presented itself.

Monty kept his eyes on the guy at the table, without trying to look too obvious. He didn't want the man getting any funny ideas if he wasn't who Monty thought he was.

The guy who had been in the toilet came back through the bar and left by the front door. The teenage kid was ordering a couple more beers. Monty figured the kid was buying for the guy he had been talking to and who was now off feeding quarters to the jukebox.

Monty glanced back at the table across the way and at the guy who sat there. The newcomer was paying no attention to Monty in the least.

So, maybe Monty had made a mistake. Maybe—"You know, *I just now* saw you sitting over here in this dark little nook," someone said, surprising Monty no end, since he hadn't been aware of anyone else having entered the room. Monty looked up and saw the young teenager standing there, a bottle of beer in each hand. The kid smiled. He had white teeth and a dimple in his right cheek. "Why didn't you say something?"

Monty was a bit confused. He didn't know the kid from beans. What in the hell was this all about?

"We were talking about you just today," the teenager said, depositing a bottle of beer on the table in front of Monty. He then pulled back one of the chairs at the table and sat down in it. "Someone said something about you getting on at Russel Packing."

The voice didn't match the voice Monty had talked to on the phone. That was for damn sure. But the kid's information was right. Monty had just been assigned to Russel Packing.

"I was expecting someone older," Monty said finally, deciding that the kid's arrival hadn't been the accident he had originally assumed it was.

"We know," the kid replied, smiling again.

Monty thought he might give him an eight on his rating scale, instead of the original seven-plus. Up closer the kid was looking better and better. Blond hair. Were those blue or green eyes? Dimple. A little too pretty perhaps, but...

"I always get the job of making the original face- to-face contacts," the kid said. "My name, by the way, is Bryan."

"And you finally decided that I hadn't brought anybody with me?" Monty said, realizing that Bryan had probably spent the previous few minutes making sure that Monty was alone.

"Some people do bring along unsavory company, you know?" Bryan replied. "It's best all around to weed those people out at the very beginning, or things only get way too sticky later on."

"Aren't you a little young to be playing middleman?" Monty asked.

"I'm older than I look," Bryan replied. Actually he was only eighteen. But he had been doing this sort of work for his father for the past few years. Before Bryan had been old enough to get into bars, the meetings had had to be arranged for elsewhere.

Bryan took a long swig of beer from his bottle, giving Monty a once-over from this closer observation point. Bryan liked what he saw. Which wasn't usually the case. These government inspectors were usually candidates for the ugly farm: middle-aged men, going to pot, probably with a wife and two or three snot-nosed kids at home.

"You don't look like a meat inspector," Bryan said finally.

"What, I wonder, does a meat inspector look like?" Monty ventured with just a speck of sarcasm; because if Monty didn't look like a meat inspector, then Bryan didn't look like anyone who would be neck-deep in the crime and corruption at Russel Packing.

Bryan was going to recite a list of the distinguishing characteristics of the typical government meat inspector, those which he had just been running over in his mind, but then decided not to.

"Why meat inspecting?" Bryan asked instead. He couldn't shake the feeling that the profession didn't fit the face. Monty looked like someone who should have been a junior executive, sitting behind a corporation desk. Monty standing all day long in an assembly line, stamping beef carcasses that swung by him on giant meat hooks just somehow didn't make the grade.

"You mean, I don't look like your *typical* meat inspector?" Monty ventured, already knowing the answer to that particular question. But then, he didn't look like what he really was, either, did he?

"Frankly no, you don't."

"Well if you must know, it's actually a case of nepotism," Bryan said, ready with his cover story. My uncle has a little clout and was able to make the arrangements. Actually, I don't plan on making

this a lifetime job. Is it all right to make that confession? I thought I would come in, work a few years, and then retire on my profits."

"They must be paying higher wages now than what I last heard," Bryan said, "if you're planning to retire in just a few years."

"It's the supplemental income that is going to do it for me," Monty said. "Anyway, I hope it is. That is why you and I are here, isn't it? To talk business?"

"Actually, no, it's not," Bryan said, pausing to take another swallow from his bottle. His Adam's apple bobbed attractively as the liquid went down. "You and I are here so that I can decide whether someone higher up can meet you and discuss business. I'm actually low man on the totem. Maybe when I get older..." And Bryan flashed Monty a very attractive smile.

The kid was definitely an eight!

"Well, what do you think so far?" Monty asked, smiling back.

"If you're contacted again, you'll know you passed my inspection. If you're not contacted, you'll know I couldn't really believe you were the meat inspector type."

And Bryan stood, scooting his chair back behind him.

"Leaving so soon?" Monty asked. Although, he didn't really know what they could possibly find to talk about now that it was obvious that Bryan hadn't been authorized to talk about business. Still, Monty would have liked the kid sticking around for a bit longer. The kid was nice looking; and, Monty liked being with attractive people.

"I'm afraid Sean is getting just a little jealous," Bryan said, motioning toward the guy at the bar who had returned from the jukebox. "I told him your and my relationship was purely a business one, but he's afraid the two of us are over here pairing up anyway."

"Pairing up?" Monty asked. He wasn't familiar with the term, at least in the present context.

"I promised to take *him* home," Bryan said and smiled. "He doesn't want to miss out on a good time because of you."

"I hate to be dense, but I think maybe I'm not following you," Monty confessed.

"We're both into b and d," Bryan said, having immediately determined that Monty was one of those straight-as-a-stick studs one ran into every so often. Bryan didn't know why it was such a turn-on attempting to shock Monty Darnel, but it was. Bryan's cock was squirming to life inside of Bryan's pants. If Monty paid close

attention, he could even see the movement behind Bryan's bulged crotch.

"B and d?" Monty asked, right on cue.

Goddamn, but Bryan often times forgot, that there were still people out there in the big, wide world who didn't have the slightest notion about what two homosexuals did in the bedroom, let alone what someone like Bryan and Sean would be doing in a black room.

"Bondage and discipline," Bryan clarified. He dropped his left hand to his crotch and adjusted the lay of his swelling prick with an unaffected movement that managed, as planned, to draw Monty's attention directly to the growing ridge of swollen meat.

Monty blushed. Bryan found that blushing really quite charming. For all of Monty's butch appearance, he was nothing but a delightful innocent. Bryan felt as if his superior knowledge in some areas made him infinitely older than the man sitting at the table before him.

"I take him home, tie him to the bed, whip his ass until it's black and blue, and then fuck him silly," Bryan said, removing his hand from his crotch so that Monty could have an uninterrupted hint of what Bryan would soon be sticking up Sean's hair- fringed asshole. "I'm pretty good at what I do, too. Ask Sean the next time you're this way and see him alone."

Monty was still blushing. He could feel the heat of his hot blood rushing to his face, burning its pinkness even through the deep shade of his tan. Monty felt downright ridiculous, even more ridiculous when he realized that Bryan was thoroughly amused by Monty's stunned reaction. The bastard had meant to shock Monty, hadn't he? He probably had no intentions whatsoever of doing any of those obscene things, tying, beating, fucking.

"See you around, stud," Bryan said, giving Monty a little salute that brought his right hand smartly to his forehead just over his right eyebrow.

Bryan turned, motioning toward Sean who had been watching the two of them. Bryan and Sean, together, left the bar.

Monty, still in kind of a stupor because of what had happened, realized suddenly, to his immense embarrassment, that his cock had gone hard in his pants.

CHAPTER 2

It was damned silly, wasn't it: the way Monty had let himself be affected by that handsome bastard in the bar? Monty had lost his cool, hadn't he? He had sat there like an idiot, unable to say anything.

Monty switched on the light in his apartment and slammed the door behind him. The latter he did just a little more forcefully than was usual. The resulting bang gave Monty an extreme sense of satisfaction. He didn't know why, but since the incident in the bar, Monty had been thinking that he would have gotten a good deal of pleasure out of smacking Bryan what's-his-name in the handsome choppers.

And wasn't that a turnabout? Earlier he had been telling himself how he would be able to handle any confrontation with a queer with far more aplomb than John had done (John having been the friend who had broken a queer's jaw). Now Monty found that he hadn't been much different from John after all. Except that John *had* acted, and Monty had merely wished that he had.

Still, Monty couldn't help wondering if Bryan had been playing some kind of perverted little game, saying things just for shock value like some little kid coming up with a swear word just to get his parents' reaction—or to test them. But why would Bryan be out to test Monty?

Of course what was really disturbing Monty was the fact that his cock had somehow been made hard by the whole lewd encounter and showed no indication of going soft. Now *that* was something to be concerned about. Because while there was—in the final analysis—nothing wrong with talking with a gay (way Bryan *really* gay?) in a bar, or in hearing what that queer planned to do with another

queer in the bedroom (would Bryan really tie Sean to a bed, beat his ass, fuck his rectum?), there *was* something a little obscene and perverted about *Monty* getting a hard-on over all of that. A normal guy shouldn't have gotten sexually aroused by the idea of two guys screwing. Two gals going at it: now that was another story. Anyone knew that two broads making out with each other was the stuff stag movies were made of. But two guys, fucking and sucking? No way!

So if Monty was as normal as they came (which he was!) then what was this hard prick swollen at his crotch? Huh? What... in... the... hell... was ... it? Because even if Bryan wasn't gay and had merely been pulling Monty's leg, Monty shouldn't have gotten all turned on by the line of bullshit, for Christ's sake.

But if Bryan *had* been laying on a load of bullshit, why had he done it? My God, it certainly wasn't something one stranger said to another off the cuff, was it? On the other hand if Bryan had been actually outlining his planned evening activities, *that* was nothing you spilled out to a complete stranger, either.

"Goddamn the bastard!" Monty said aloud, going into the kitchen and pouring himself a healthy drink of Scotch.

Whether truth or pure bullshit, that bastard had no right to bring the obscenity up at all! Monty resented the fact that Bryan had.

Monty resented the fact that *his* cock was still hard.

WHY... IN... THE... FUCK... WAS... HIS... COCK... HARD?

Monty downed his Scotch in four large swallows, discarded the empty glass, and began pacing the room. He began mentally doing his multiplication tables, getting as far as thirteen times thirteen before he realized that his cock simply wasn't going to go soft by his trying to pretend it wasn't there.

He went into his bedroom, found a mirror. He looked in it.

"Are you going suddenly faggoty on me, you fuck?" Monty asked his reflection. But he got no answer. What he got was a mind-flash of Sean and Bryan naked, Sean tied to some bed, Bryan fucking his ass like sixty.

Monty turned back to his own bed, sitting down on it. He took off his shoes and socks. He peeled off his shirt and undershirt. He stood and dropped his pants.

The crotch of his undershorts was sopped with preseminal juices.

Monty took off his underpants, completely uncovering his offending erection. He turned back to the mirror.

What did Bryan look like naked? Did he have domed and hairless pectorals like Monty did? Did he have a ridged belly of scalloped abdominals? Did he have a big, ten-inch cock like Monty did?

Oh, Bryan had a big cock, all right! Monty had seen evidence of it in Bryan's pants. Bryan had made sure that Monty had seen evidence of it, hadn't he?

Monty shivered at the perversity. What kind of thing had he gotten himself into that he was forced into an association with people like Bryan? Monty could only hope that there weren't more of them waiting in the wings. One of them was too goddamn much as it was. Monty could only hope that since Bryan, by his own admission, was low man on the totem that Monty wouldn't be forced to seeing any more of him.

Monty left the mirror in the bedroom, but he was soon being confronted by an even larger mirror in the bathroom. Monty's ten inches of erect meatiness weaved in front of Monty's belly like a phallic metronome. It actually was so glutted with trapped blood that Monty wondered how it continued to defy gravity and maintain its upjutting stance.

Monty contemplated a cold shower. Weren't cold showers supposed to help a condition like the one he had? But a cold shower now, or ever, didn't seem at all that appetizing.

Anyway, wasn't he making a mountain out of a molehill? So, he had a hard-on, big fucking deal! He sometimes woke up in the morning with a stiff boner, didn't he? And that didn't mean anything. He sometimes got a hard prick just by walking in tight clothes. Those boners didn't mean anything, either. So, why should this particular blood- engorged cock be suddenly so inauspicious? Hell, Monty could have gotten his hard stiffness for several reasons, none of them related to the fact that Bryan had related his planned nightly perversions.

Damn, how asinine it was to be getting paranoid over his first real meeting with a queer. Homosexuality certainly wasn't something one caught like the common cold. You either had it from the beginning, or you didn't have it at all. And Monty would certainly have known long before now if he were even faintly inclined in that direction, wouldn't he?

So, how did Monty handle those hard pricks he got in the morning, or that he often got from the chafing of tight pants? He simply jacked off, didn't he? Masturbation, pure and simple, was one of the fastest ways of curing an erection—when he didn't have a nice, juicy cunt handy to stick his fat prick in.

Monty's right hand wrapped his upthrusting cock. Monty's cock belly rested snugly within Monty's cupping palm. The heel of Monty's hand rested amid the clustering blond pubic hair on Monty's lower belly. Monty's curved forefinger wrapped his cock about five inches up from his cock roots. That left at least that many inches pushing free of Monty's grip.

Monty's cock was a smooth and golden shaft. His circumcision had been neatly performed, the resulting scar tissue blending in with the surrounding cock flesh. His coronal flare was full, making his cock crown an umbrella-like mushrooming atop his large cock shaft. His cock neck was almost perfectly cylindrical, almost as round at the top as it was at the bottom. His whole phallic appendage was a rocket-like projectile rearing upward from Monty's hairy lower belly. Bunched at his cock base, like two large oranges in a fleshy bag, were Monty's cum-filled balls.

Monty's right hand moved into an upstroke. Monty's left hand went to his nuts and began massaging Monty's tender sperm containers.

Monty's fist pulled upward, milking his cock stalk of clear preseminal juices. His juices beaded within his cock mouth and swelled to overflowing. Monty, at the peak of his upstroke, used the flat of his thumb to smear his natural lubricant over his pulpy cock head. His massaging thumb felt good working over his sensitive cock corona.

Monty squeezed his nuts harder, enjoying the sudden dull aching that penetrated into his belly as a direct result.

"Ahhhhhh, yesssss," Monty groaned. *And wasn't this just what the doctor had ordered?*

Monty widened his stance, bending slightly at his knees, and beginning to work his hips as he pumped his cock. It felt so enjoyable that he really wished the pleasure would go on and on and on. At the same time, his hand was seemingly frustrating that wish by moving faster and faster. Monty, though, couldn't control it. The closer he got to orgasm, the faster his hand seemed to want to get him there.

Monty's left hand elevated his nuts and held them so that each downward stroke of his right hand squashed his gonads. Monty's pain from the mashing of his nuts was more intense now, but so was his pleasure which countered that pain.

Monty's mind was occupied primarily with the swelling of his ecstasy; however, it wasn't so completely occupied that—even now —Monty wasn't free of his thoughts of Bryan.

Why did Monty find it so exciting: what Bryan had said about tying Sean up, beating Sean's ass, fucking Sean's rectum? Was it *what* Bryan said, or *how* Bryan said it, or the fact that it had been *Bryan* who had said it?

Monty had found Bryan exceptionally attractive, hadn't he? Had Monty ever before seen a queer he thought was attractive? There had been Jeff Marks in college. Someone had said Jeff was queer. Monty had rated Jeff around a seven on his rating scale. But Monty had never talked to Jeff, had he? Jeff had been two classes ahead of Monty. Monty had seen Jeff only in passing.

But Bryan had been sitting right there. Right next to Monty at the table. Monty could have reached out and touched him. Not that Monty had *wanted* to touch him. There would have been *no reason* to touch him. And besides, once Monty had found out what kind of a guy Bryan was, Monty didn't ever want to see the bastard again, let alone get within touching*distance.

Still, Monty couldn't remember ever having been that close to a homosexual, let alone hearing what that homosexual had to say about his planned perverted sex for that evening.

Monty's right hand was pounding, pounding, pounding. His sexual juices were now slicking more than just Monty's cock head. Their profuse running had managed to be spread as a sensuously smooth veneering along the whole length of Monty's cock.

Tied. Beaten. Fucked. Bondage and discipline.

Two men, naked, sexually grunting in obscene intercourse.

"Ohhhhhhhh!" Monty grunted, wondering why any and all thoughs of Bryan brought more surges of pleasure.

Why? Why? Why?

Monty's hips revolved. He torqued his hand downward around his upjutting meat.

And what would Bryan tie Sean with? Ropes?

Chains? Leather thongs?

Against the fingers of his left hand, Monty felt his scrotum contracting. His sac was going prunelike in preparation for his orgasm. At the same time, his nuts were becoming fuller with cream.

And what would Bryan beat Sean's ass with? A belt? A paddle? A whip?

Monty's whole lower body weaved in an obscene bump and grind, like the body of some stripper simulating sex on the stage in some dingy burlesque dive.

And how would Bryan fuck Sean's ass? Fast?

Slow? Hard?

"Oh... you... goddamn... fucking... queer... faggots!" Monty mumbled. His voice was hoarse, breathless, strained by the swelling pleasure spawned by the playing of his hands at his groin. "Oh... fucking... take it... take it... sweet... fucking... Jesus... TAKE IT!"

Inside of his fist, Monty's cock pulsed. It swelled larger, forcing the young man's fingers even further apart. Inside of his balls, his thick cum ripped free, surging through his sexual tube, exiting via the dark tunnel of his cock, spouting like gobs of rich, coagulating jelly from his pulsing cock mouth. "Faggot bastards! Faggot bastards! Faggot bastards!" Monty chanted. His right hand twisted, helixing long streamers of his erupted cum downward along the length of his cock.

On the mirror directly in front of him, great large wads of Monty's male cream drooled, trailing slippery tails of white on the reflecting surface.

CHAPTER 3

Bryan had used rope to tie Sean to the bed. He had used a belt to beat Sean's ass black and blue. He had fucked Sean hard *and* fast. When he had finished he had pulled his cock free of Sean's cum-sopped asshole and had made Sean lick his penis clean of the mess that had been smeared on the prick up Sean's rectum. Those oral ablutions completed, Bryan had left Sean tied to the bed and had gone into the bathroom to shower and dress. Just before leaving, Bryan untied Sean, giving him a parting kiss and a pat on the ass.

Bryan got in his car which he had left parked by the curb, checking his wristwatch as he took up his place behind the wheel. He still had plenty of time. His meeting with the new meat inspector hadn't taken too long. His session with Sean had lasted about three hours; but, his father had set up their meeting for eleven o'clock. It was now only ten. Bryan figured that would give him fifty minutes to cruise town, making sure he wasn't being trailed, and another ten minutes to hightail it back to The Station House for his meeting with his father.

Bryan started the car, eased out of his parking slot and drove to the end of the block where he made an immediate right turn. He had seen no one looking suspicious (actually, he had seen no one at all). He had seen no car lights go on, had heard no car starting up when his did. It seemed hardly likely that anyone had followed him, or that he was now being followed. However, it was best to play it safe.

He drove for five blocks, keeping his eye on the rearview mirror; but, the street seemed literally deserted. He made a couple more rights, another left, still seeing nothing. He finally decided to head directly for The Station House. Because if he were being followed, it

was by an invisible tail whom he probably couldn't have shaken even if he tried.

As he drove, Bryan found himself thinking of Monty Darnel. He, also, realized that he had spent a good deal of time thinking of Monty during the preceding session with Sean. Why? Well, that was a good question whose answer not even Bryan was probably aware of at the moment. Maybe it was because Bryan had been so surprised to find an attractive stud where he had been expecting the typical meat inspector he was used to working at Russel Packing.

Bryan had found Monty attractive. Very attractive. All that blond hair. Blue eyes? Yeah, they almost *had* to be blue; although, Bryan had really been unable to tell in the dim lighting of the bar. And, Jesus, what a body!

Had Sean known that Bryan had been thinking of Monty almost the whole time Bryan had been with him? Had there been any difference in Bryan's performance? If the answer to either of those questions had been yes, Sean hadn't said anything. But then Bryan had performed his role well, hadn't he? Sean had certainly had no reason to offer complaint. If anything, Bryan's fantasies regarding Monty had only made Bryan's performance better than usual. Why? Because Monty had thought he had probably been to bed with Sean once too often. He had reached the point where he knew Sean like a book; and sex—good sex (at least as far as Bryan was concerned)—needed a bit of the unexpected to keep a sharp edge on it. Good sex should have had an element of surprise in it. For Bryan, Sean no longer offered those surprises. The sex tonight had been very much like sex every other time lately with Sean. Bryan had anticipated every move Sean made, every reaction, while successfully keeping Sean from anticipating anything. And in the end, Bryan had blasted his hot and heavy load up Sean's spasming asshole, filling Sean's bowel with creamy, thick cream; and, Sean had erupted his hot-white load into the sheets gone wet beneath his sweaty belly.

Oh, it hadn't been bad sex! Far from it. Bryan just felt that it could have been better if he'd had the young meat inspector tied to the bed, if he'd beaten Monty's buttocks with a belt, if he'd fucked Monty's asshole with huge, blood-engorged cock. Because Bryan suspected that Monty wouldn't have been as easily read as Sean

now was (wouldn't have been as easily read as Sean always had been).

Monty had looked so shocked when Bryan had informed just what Bryan planned to do to Sean that evening. *So surprised.* As if Bryan had dropped a trip on Monty that the attractive meat inspector really didn't know quite how to deal with. And was such innocence possible? Were there actually people out there who hadn't the vaguest notion as to what homosexuality and bondage and discipline was all about? Bryan still found it hard to believe that Monty had been *all* that surprised as he had looked. Now if Monty had been a goddamn dog in the looks department, then Bryan might have more easily accepted the reaction as genuine. But Monty was no dog. Quite the opposite. And it was a rare good-looker that made it to Monty's age (as young as that age might be) without getting propositioned for sex by some queer, somewhere along the line.

Still, Bryan could admit that Monty had exuded a definite aura of straightness which had probably been part of the attraction Bryan had immediately felt toward him. Bryan always liked a challenge. The seduction of a Monty was worth ten times the seduction of a Sean.

As a matter of fact, in the case of Sean, Bryan really wasn't too sure just who had seduced whom; even though, Bryan had assumed the role of top man in all of their resulting sexual sessions.

Bryan, who suddenly realized he was in the vicinity of The Station House, shifted his thoughts from both Sean and Monty, concentrating instead upon finding a parking space. He found one quickly, which was surprising, considering that the evenings were a busy time for this particular area of the city; and, one usually had to end up pulling into the lot up a few blocks that charged a whopping two bucks for late evening parking.

Bryan got out of the car and began the short walk remaining to the tavern.

The Station House was one of those bars always labeled "mixed" in the gay guides. Its clientele ranged from the purely straight during the early afternoons when workers came spilling out of nearby warehouses for a cool beer before heading home, to a conglomerate of gay and straight later in the afternoon, to an almost totally gay group beginning around nine o'clock each evening.

When Bryan entered, the place was packed. Since Bryan knew Jake at the door, there was no need to pull out his I.D. Tonight Bryan even knew the bartender, which hadn't been the case earlier in the day. Bryan bought a beer, since the crowd made a wait for table service seem obvious and then headed back to look for his old man.

Bryan's father, Danner Myles, was at one of the back tables, having a beer with Teddy James, Danner's lover of five years. To see the two men sitting there, knowing they were lovers, somewhat boggled the imagination, in that The Station House was pretty much frequented by a crowd of gays exclusively into the b-and-d or even the heavier s-and-'m scenes; and, anyone would have been hard-pressed to determine just which of this particular pair played bottom man during sex. They both looked like they could hold their own in any street fight. And, in fact, both of them—granted, in earlier days—had done just that. Danner had once headed a gang called The Steel Chains; and, Teddy, although from the West Coast, had served his early adult years as a member of the L.A. Spiders. Both men had since pulled themselves up from lowly beginnings into responsible jobs with Russel Packing. Danner was a foreman, and Teddy acted as his chief assistant. Between them, they saw to it that butchered cattle coming in one end of the plant emerged on the other side in the more recognizable forms people were familiar with in the butcher shops of the nation.

Danner and Teddy were ambitious men, though; and when the opportunity presented itself, they had jumped at the chance of making a little extra money on the side. While they both had started out at the bottom of the ladder in the organization within Russel Packing that was turning in the extra profits, they had risen quickly through the ranks.

The bigger boys upstairs had since turned most of the operation over to Danner and Teddy, more than happy to just sit back and pull in their weekly cash-stuffed envelopes, rather than bother themselves with the nitty-gritty stuff. Not that the higher-ups didn't keep a close watch on things. They knew a gold-egg-laying goose when they saw one, and they would have had no qualms whatsoever about eliminating Danner, or Teddy, or both, if either of those men decided to start a program of shortchanging their partners in crime.

Danner spotted his son moving through the crowd and waved to assure his getting Bryan's attention. Teddy turned and watched Bryan moving expertly through the crotch-and-ass-groping crowd of people that packed the bar from the front to the back door.

"You've got a hard-on," Danner said by way of greeting, reaching over his right hand to stroke the bulge his son's stiff meatiness was making at the crotch of Bryan's trousers.

"I would dare any but a dead man to make the trip through the length of this bar at this time of night and *not* get a hard-on," Bryan replied with a smile. He pulled out the chair his father and Teddy had been saving for him and sat down.

Danner watched his son, as impressed (a little awed) as always by what he saw. Danner sometimes had problems imagining how anything as handsome as Bryan had come from a sexual union between Danner and Betty.

Danner and Betty had both been dark-complected, with black hair; and, Bryan had popped out a blond and had stayed that way. If Danner hadn't known better, he would have doubted that Bryan was really his. But he *did* know better. Betty's mother had been a blond and blue-eyed beauty who had married Betty's Italian father. And even on Danner's side of the family, there had been a couple rare blonds who had popped out on occasion. Besides that, Betty hadn't been the kind of wife who would have played around on the side. She hadn't stepped out on Danner even when she had found out that he was getting a little male cock and ass besides her pussy.

Actually, Danner had been getting that cock and ass in order to protect his wife. Danner, after all, had early known that he had this certain inner need inside of him which demanded fulfillment. And it wasn't just the need of a warm male body with his in some bed. It went deeper than that basic gay relationship, somehow including aspects of bondage and discipline, complete with ropes, and chains, and blindfolds, and pleasure, and pain. Betty wouldn't have understood had Danner attempted to subject her to that particular kind of sexual trip. Betty was actually just an old-country sort of girl who had been trained to be a good wife and mother but had no real notion that some men needed more than just a good fuck in the traditional missionary position to assuage their desires.

Betty, had she lived (she had surprised everyone by dying of a heart attack at thirty-four), would have been appalled at the relationship which had grown up between her husband and her son

after her death. Betty, who had had trouble understanding *any* man's need for another man, would have been totally incapable of fathoming incestuous homosexuality. She would have found even the idea of such too alien to be considered even possible.

But Bryan had been having gay bondage-and-discipline sex for quite some time before Danner had even found out about it. And when Danner *had* found out, it was only one short step, one night when the two had come home, neither with a trick in tow, until the two had begun using each other to take care of those blood-glutted erections they so frequently found reared upward between their muscled thighs.

Danner, even after his five years with Teddy, still thought he had experienced some of his most gutshattering orgasms while chained to a wall or a table, Bryan's huge cock pumping its spewing seed up Danner's whip-bruised ass.

"Well?" Teddy asked. "How did your meeting with Mr. Darnel go?"

Teddy was well aware of the special father-son relationship existing between Danner and Bryan. At first he had been as jealous as all hell; but, he had eventually come to accept it. There were all kinds of love, after all, weren't there? And a father-son love was different from the love of two other men for each other. Besides, Teddy, like Danner, wasn't adverse to an occasional three-way; and, no one could be found who could make a menage a trois more exciting than Bryan Myles could—especially when the boy was teamed with his father.

Bryan took a long swig of the beer he had brought with him from the bar. He looked first at Teddy, who had asked the question, then at his father.

"He doesn't *look* like a government meat inspector," Bryan said. "He doesn't look like one *at all.*"

CHAPTER 4

"What do you think?" Teddy James asked. He and Danner had left the bar and were beginning the drive to the house they shared in a nearby suburb. They had left Bryan in The Station House; Bryan having commented that, after his session with Sean, he doubted he had the strength left to join in any sexual gymnastics his father and Teddy might have had planned to finish off the evening. About all Bryan said he could hold out hopes for was a quick blow-job back by the urinals to take care of the boner he had gotten since his arrival at the bar.

"I think one of us is going to have to take the chance of bringing Monty Darnel into the operation," Danner said after a few moments of evident thought on the subject. "Otherwise the Westburger deal is liable to fall through. And that's a pile of money I'm a little loathe to let go slipping through our fingers."

The Westburger Company was a supplier for several West Coast restaurant chains, it bought its meat in bulk from Russel Packing. If Danner and Teddy arranged for prime cuts of beef to be "accidentally" graded as merely choice, Westburger could pick up its meat at the bargain price and still have money left over to slip Danner and Teddy a little something extra under the table. At the same time, choice cuts were upgraded to prime, and this was unloaded on some unsuspecting buyer who would be paying the full prices of prime but only getting the inferior meat. The problem with this deal, and other like it, however, was the fact that government inspectors were assigned to the various packing houses to make sure that such misgrading practices weren't allowed. It was always a little hairy when a new inspector, like Monty Darnel, arrived on the scene. All illegal activity was forced to grind to a temporary halt

until the new agent's price of cooperation was established. They almost *always* had a price. Although, there was always the possibility that someone had wised up to the illegal activities and had sent in a plant to soak up incriminating evidence. That, more than anything, was a major fear that Danner and Teddy had to deal with.

"Bryan did say that Darnel looked harmless enough, didn't he?" Danner said.

"He also said he didn't look like a government inspector, didn't he?" Teddy reminded.

"Which we had both commented on earlier, hadn't we?" Danner said.

"And didn't we decide that it was hardly likely anyone would send in someone like Monty Darnel who *didn't* look the part?"

"They could be damn sneaky at times, couldn't they?"

"Let's talk to Darnel, should we?" Danner suggested. "This Westburger thing is simply too big to pass up just by being unduly paranoid, don't you agree?"

"Well, we've had no problems buying the inspectors off so far, have we?" Teddy admitted. "Why should this one be any different from the others?"

By taking a portion of the freeway, it was generally a thirty minute drive from the bar to where Danner and Teddy lived. That is if one kept to the posted speed limits. However, Danner had driven the route enough times to know that it was only on very rare occasions that the police staked this stretch of highway out for potential speeders; so, Danner made the usual half-hour trip in twenty minutes flat.

The house was nice-size, keeping pretty much within the logical budget of two men working for Russel Packing. The money brought in from the extracurricular business ventures was kept in safe deposit boxes. There was no way either man wanted to raise any undue suspicions by living above what was his supposed normal means. There would be plenty of time to spend the profits later. After all, it seemed hardly likely that a lucrative bonanza like the one they had going for them now was going to go on indefinitely. Sooner or later, the time would come when everything would grind to a stop—at least for a time—and then a move could be made to more suitable accommodations.

The house sat in the middle of a large lot, surrounded by trees and high shrubs. It was, in fact, the place's relative isolation from its neighbors that had originally sold the men on buying it. That and the fact that the house came complete with a full basement that could easily be converted into the playroom the men chose to make of it.

Danner parked the car in the garage. The two men entered the house through the door that led from the garage to the kitchen.

As soon as the door was shut, there was an almost palatable change in the relationship between the two men. Two equals quite suddenly metamorphosed into something less than that. But that was only because it had earlier been decided that Danner was to be in charge of this evening session. Teddy had, therefore, immediately gone into a decidedly subservient demeanor.

Unlike many men caught up in a bondage-and-discipline relationship (anyway, unlike the majority of those involved in some kind of permanent pairing), neither Danner nor Teddy could be termed exclusively master or slave. It was a give-and-take relationship where roles were continually in fluctuation; since both men could enjoy (and admit to enjoying) being on the bottom as well as on the top.

"Why don't you go on downstairs and get stripped," Danner said. "I'll be down shortly."

Teddy obliged, opening the door to the basement and heading down the stairs. Danner went to use one of the two upstairs bathrooms. After pissing, he took off his clothes and showered, paying particular attention that he didn't fondle his hard cock too often in the process. It was going to get enough of a workout later without it getting any kind of preview titillation now.

Once dried from his shower, Danner put on his robe and followed Teddy to the basement. Danner had given Teddy plenty of time to remove his clothes in one of the downstairs dressing rooms before entering the black room beyond.

Danner didn't immediately join Teddy in the black room. Instead he entered a side room and went over to a large mirrored clothes cabinet, sliding back its door to reveal the row of clothes hanging inside above two rows of boots.

Danner reached in and pulled out a leather vest and a pair of chaps. He bent for a pair of cowboy boots complete with gold spurs. He stepped back and closed the closet door. He took the clothes

back with him to a bench that faced the mirror. He took off his robe, revealing the total expanse of his muscled, well-knit form.

Danner had always been proud of his body. It was in good shape. He had been lucky in that he had the type of natural physique that had always looked as if Danner had worked out in a gym—when, in reality, he had had very little time for such aesthetic pastimes.

Danner's pectoral muscles divided his upper chest into two rectangles, dime-size nipples punctuating the lower curves. His chest was covered with curly black hair that continued on downward to Danner's washboarded belly, then on even further to his crotch and legs.

Danner slipped on the vest over his naked skin, excited as he always was by the feel and the smell of the material. He left the vest unlaced so that his pectoral cleavage was open to view.

Danner pulled on the chaps, fastening them around his waist. Danner's fat, hard, and blood-engorged cock stuck through the opening formed at the chaps crotch. His heavy balls dropped toward the floor.

Danner's cock wasn't as big as his son's; although, it was certainly a large cock in its own right. Flaccid, it hung to about seven inches of thick, uncircumcised flesh. When partially erect, it gained another inch that pushed Danner's cock corona free of its cowling foreskin. His cock reached its full and final nine inches in complete erection. It was erect now. Danner's cockhead was a pulpy knob, stuck on top of a hard cock shaft: the latter marbled with several thick and bluish veins.

Danner's scrotum, which was always gathered to a prune-like bag at the moment of any ejaculations, was now hanging loose, pulled downward by Danner's two egg-size balls. The testicle sac was covered with black hair that moved when the flesh it was anchored to moved over Danner's cum-ballooned gonads.

Danner turned so that his ass, as bare as his groin, was reflected back to him by the mirror. Danner knew he had a nice ass. It was still firm, still solid. Unlike those buttocks on many of Danner's peers, Danner's ass hadn't fallen. It looked like half of a fully inflated basketball, a deep crease drawn down its center. His ass was black with curly hair along the length of its crack, some of the hair spilling over onto the ass buns.

Danner's gaze left his ass in the mirror, moving up the reflecting surface to focus in on Danner's face. Danner wasn't quite as satisfied with what he saw now as compared to what he saw in the accompanying body. Danner had never looked as attractive facially as he would have liked. His features were a little too rough, showing too much of the effects of his early childhood on the streets. He had a small knife scar on his left cheek. His nose, once his best feature, had been broken once too often and had never repaired to its original lines. His eyesbrows were a little too bushy, his mouth a little too full.

Danner had often thought he would have preferred his son's face. Anyone who ever looked at Bryan couldn't help but admit that the kid was handsome.

Oh, well, there was no way you could change the things you were born with; so, the best thing to do was merely to live with them as best you could. Besides, in the long run, Danner couldn't have been quite as unattractive as he sometimes thought; because, he had never had any trouble getting either women (when he had once found it necessary to promote a straightness he had ever really felt), or men (when he had cruised the streets and the bars).

Danner put on his boots and then followed the hallway Teddy had previously taken to the basement black room.

The black room was completely outfitted for the bondage-and-discipline experience. In fact, it was equipped with implements of torture which neither Danner nor Teddy had ever used, nor which they had any intentions of using. These more extreme accoutrements (i.e. the brands, the pokers, the testicle mashers, the thumb screw) were purely for show. Both men had decided early in their initiations into the bondage-and-discipline scene that turns-on derived less from the actual violence of torture than from the general atmosphere achieved during the game-playing. Danner and Teddy *did* know men who were far, far deeper into the mechanics of sadism and masochism, but Danner and Teddy had never crossed the barrier that admitted them to that particular arena of "heavier" participation.

Teddy was waiting, completely naked, hands behind him (resting in the small of his back), his head bowed into a position of obvious submission.

Teddy had just as good a body as Danner had. As a matter of fact, if anything, it was possibly a mite better, having smoother lines

and less block-like dimensions. Teddy's pectorals were round, etched on his body surface, but domed sufficiently to allow a deep pectoral cleavage that ran down to another deep indent that sliced downward through the man's scalloped abdominals. Teddy's arms were bulged with muscle, covered with the same light brown hair that covered Teddy's head, upper chest, legs and crotch.

Teddy's cock was a proud and powerful weapon that stood rock-hard at the man's lower belly, its roots lost in the thick bushing of his healthy thatch of brown pubic hair. His cock had been circumcised, leaving a wide band of circumcision scar around the upper reaches of his cock neck, that collar highlighting the flaring of his cock corona into the massive knob atop his cock neck. His cock mouth was a deep fissuring slice that divided his cock glans into two equally impressive parts.

Teddy's balls were large, held contained in a hanging bag that was covered with more brown hair. His left nut hung slightly lower than his right one, duplicating the effect often seen on classical Greco-Roman nude statues in museums.

Teddy's face had a more typical handsomeness than Danner's did. His good looks had seemed little damaged by his history of street fights during his early youth. He nose was straight and well-placed in his attractive face. His chin had a small cleft that appeared only, like now, when the lighting was just right. He had thick eyelashes and well-formed brows that shielded dark brown eyes. His mouth was sensuously full, without being thick-lipped.

"I want you on your back on the worktable," Danner instructed.

The worktable was of some dark, almost black wood, polished to a high sheen. It was hard and cool as Teddy laid his back and buttocks down on it.

Danner moved quickly, fastening first Teddy's ankles and then his wrists to the fur-lined restrainers that were attached by chains to the table. Once the restrainers were affixed, Teddy was spread-eagled in a supine position.

Teddy's cock was hard, laid out now on the man's belly. It was leaking preseminal juices that caught in the hair haloing Teddy's navel. Between his legs, Teddy's scrotum had flowed down to a resting on the tabletop.

Danner walked over to the shelf that ran around the inside of the room. He picked up one of several candles and a lighter to ignite the candle wick. That completed, he came back to Teddy,

bringing the lit candle with him. Danner got up on the table. Facing Teddy's feet, Danner stood astride Teddy's body.

Teddy could see the dark hair growing inside the crack of Danner's ass. He saw Danner's hairy balls hanging downard, rolling mysteriously inside of their hair-furred sac. Teddy got a better view as Danner began to squat.

Danner, on his haunches, tipped the candle he was holding in his right hand. The hot wax, which had been pooled in the small basin around the flaming wick, dropped from its reservoir and fell to a transparent splattering on Teddy's right nipple.

"Ughhhhhhh!" Teddy groaned with the exquisitely hot sensation of hot wax going opaque atop his nipple.

"Feels good, doesn't it, slave?" Danner asked, following up with another drooling of wax that left a trail from Teddy's right to his left pectoral. Long practice had given Danner the expertise to know just how high to hold the candle above Teddy's body to prevent any serious burns.

"Feels good, sir," Teddy responded, his eyes open and seeing the small contractions being made by Danner's ass pucker. Teddy could smell the slightly stringent aroma of soap and sweat which lingered within the deep cleft of Danner's buttocks.

Danner dropped wax on Teddy's left nipple and then trailed whiteness down Teddy's belly toward the man's painfully hard cock. As Danner did so, he lowered his ass even nearer to Teddy's waiting face.

Teddy felt the shocking jolt of more hot wax, simultaneously getting a visual sense of excitement from seeing Danner's ass crack coming closer and closer.

Danner's ass buns actually made contact with Teddy's face, hard ass flesh pressing to close Teddy's eyes. Danner's anal crack fell downward over Teddy's mouth and nose, parenthesizing both in a damp and sexily close confinement.

Danner jiggled his ass and sat down even further. Danner tipped the candle several more times, each time releasing a run of melted material that fell to make sunburst patterns on Teddy's chest and belly: liquid patterns that soon turned back to solid state while remaining stuck to Teddy's flesh and body hair.

Teddy's little gasps, made in accompaniment to the pain of the hot wax, brought into Teddy's nose more and more of the manly smells couched within Danner's ass crack.

"Come on, slave bastard," Danner said, grinding his ass down over Teddy's face. "Show me what you can do with that snake-like tongue of yours."

Teddy obeyed. He stuck out his tongue, feeling Danner's ass hair against his sensitive taste buds. Using instincts born of past experience and others arising from pure animal know-how, Teddy's tongue tip searched for and found Daniel's ass pucker. Teddy rolled his tongue, jabbing its flicking tip into the opening of Danner's anus.

"That's it, slave bastard," Danner encouraged. "You know what to do. You know. So, you just fucking do it!"

Danner tipped the candle, watching the liquid leave its pool, drop, and splatter.

Teddy's chest and belly were now covered with wax trailings in one form or another of solidification.

Danner lifted his ass slightly, thinking that Teddy might need a little air. He then sat back again; luxuriating in the slick licking of Teddy's experienced tongue.

Fuck but Teddy had a long tongue! And, fuck did he know how to use it! He knew how to probe deep up Danner's ass, wiggling it in like a snake going into a rabbit burrow.

Teddy continued to eat, wishing that his hands were free so that he could have clamped them onto Danner's ass and forced Danner's buns open wider along its crease. He also wished that Danner hadn't taken a shower. And Teddy could tell that Danner *had* showered; because, Danner's ass tasted only of soap and sweat. An unwashed ass had more exotic tastes, more exotic smells to recommend it.

"Give some of that eating to my balls," Danner said, rocking his ass so that Teddy's tongue could travel the length of the dark cord that connected Danner's asshole to his scrotum. "Better get at them before they get jerked up out of reach."

Teddy was suddenly once again able to see daylight. He could, also, see the low-hanging sac containing Danner's large balls. And above that was reared the massive phallic obelisk that was Danner's swollen cock. Viewing that cock from the bottom up made it seem even larger than normal. Teddy also saw Danner's right hand rock forward, the candle it held releasing another string of transparent wax that was soon a hot splashing that caught in the thick thatch of pubic hair encircling the roots of Teddy's cock.

"Eat my cum-filled balls, Teddy boy," Danner instructed. "Suck my sperm-containing eggs right on up to the base of my stiff prick."

Teddy's pursed lips made contact with Danner's hirsute testicle-containing bag. He sucked, the resulting vacuum pulling hair-covered skin in through his lips. Teddy continued to suck, siphoning up more scrotal flesh until there seemed nothing left to coax into his mouth except Danner's large balls.

Teddy increased the force of his sucking, opening his lips wider to accept first one gonad and finally the second. Teddy's head, which had risen slightly for the scrotum swallowing maneuver, now rested back on the hardness of the table. Holding Danner's two balls firmly against the inside fold of his lips, Teddy stretched out the bag of flesh which held those nuts firmly anchored to Danner's cock base.

"Oh, yes, that's it, fucker," Danner moaned, enjoying the combination of pleasure and pain which accompanied the squashing of his gonads inside of Teddy's mouth.

Teddy raised his head from the table again, sucking his lips once again up to the knotted roots of Danner's prick. Teddy let Danner's nuts flow deep into the back of Teddy's throat. Teddy then swallowed, squashing Danner's balls between Teddy's suddenly contracting throat muscles.

"Sweet... sweet... Jesus!" Danner moaned in pleasure/pain. He had the feeling that if his testicles hadn't been securely housed in their container of scrotal flesh then they would have been quickly on their way down Teddy's feeding mouth and throat to Teddy's belly.

"Ohhhhhhh!" Teddy groaned around his mouthful. Danner had directed a stream of melted wax onto Teddy's sensitive balls. Teddy's whole body spasmed as a direct result.

The latest flow of hot wax caught quickly in the hair covering Teddy's scrotum, making weighty globules that pulled the hair sensuously by the roots.

Danner reached out with his free left hand and claimed Teddy's hard cock. Danner's fingers and thumb closed around Teddy's stiff meat and pulled the phallic mast to an upright position. Teddy's prick was so stiff that its new position caused the flesh at Teddy's lower belly to bulget upward.

"Aggghhhhrrrrr!" Teddy growled, his mouth still full of Danner's scrotum as Danner began a quick masturbatory beating of Teddy's

thick prick.

As he beat, Danner's right hand held the candle up, gathering a new ocean of melted wax within the depression that haloed the flaming wick.

"Like that, don't you, you cock sucking ballsucker?" Danner asked, his left hand beating even faster on Teddy's cock. Danner gave an accompanying grunt that signaled a further squashing of his nuts inside of Teddy's eating face.

Hell, yes, Teddy liked it! How could he not like it? There was something exceptionally exciting about the way Teddy was helplessly anchored to this table, about the way his skin tingled beneath the hardening splatters of cooling wax, about the frantic pump... pump... pumping of Danner's fist over Teddy's swollen penis. There was something equally erotic about the tastes claimed from Danner's scrotum, dissolved in Teddy's spit, swallowed down into the digestive juices of Teddy's belly. There was something decidedly aphrodisiacal about the manly smells that were now coming in even heartier bursts of stimulating fragrance.

A jolting of sudden pleasure spasmed through Teddy's body. The man's ecstasy was only increased as Teddy's muscles strained against the wrist and ankle cuffs that held him secured to the table.

Danner's left hand released Teddy's cock, letting the prick fall back to Teddy's hard belly with a resounding slap. However the release was only a temporary one, continued for only as long as it took Danner to carefully transfer the candle from Danner's right to his left hand. Danner's right hand then grabbed hold of Teddy's cock pulling Teddy's prick to an upright position, beginning an even more forceful pumping of the blood-glutted meatiness than Danner's left hand had been able to achieve.

"Uggghhhhhrrrrrgghhh!" Teddy mumbled around Danner's balls, his tongue busy massaging Danner's testicles and hair-covered scrotal flesh. Teddy's hips began a reflexive bounce, indicative of those fucking movements Teddy would have made if fucking mouth or ass. Teddy's bouncings only increased the friction of his cock in Danner's hand.

Danner was soon masturbating with a fury. His main purpose, at the moment, being to get Teddy's body as quickly as possible to the point of orgasm. Danner's hand whipped with such a speed that it was impossible to distinguish anything of it other than a blur along the length of Teddy's stiff prick.

Teddy made no conscious effort to control his swelling pleasures and keep them in check. He wanted this orgasm as much as Danner wanted him to have it. And it wasn't as if he was doing only this one immediate blast-off. Fuck, no! During these sessions, one eruption of his nuts would be only the beginning.

"Come on, slave, I want you to cream for me," Danner said, the force of his beating on Teddy's cock causing his squatting body to weave slightly. Danner's own giant cock was set into motion, rocking back and forth like a grossly obscene phallic metronome. There was no swaying movements, though, for Danner's balls; because, Teddy had once again claimed Danner's balls back into his throat and was seemingly hoping to swallow them.

"Ohhhhhh... ugh... ugh!" Teddy grunted helplessly as his body primed for its sexual explosion. Automatically his arms strained at their restrainers. His knees bent, pulling his feet up more securely against ankle bracelets that held them.

"Give me your load, goddamn it! Give it to me, slave bastard!" Danner grunted loudly. "I fucking command you to give it to me... NOW!"

And as if on command, Teddy's body arched up off the table, coming back down with a force that mashed Teddy's solid buttocks against the solid table wood.

"Ohhhhhhh... Jesus!" Teddy grunted, his words coming out undecipherable around his mouthful of spit-soaked scrotum. "Ohhhhh... Jesus... God... Jesus... God!"

Danner tipped the candle, letting a flooding of hot melted wax flow downward and splash across Teddy's pulpy cock glans.

"Eeeeeeiiiiiii!" Teddy squealed with the pleasure brought on by this latest sensuous assault on his body.

The hot wax drooled over Teddy's cock tip, turning quickly white like snow on the top of some volcanic crater. Danner's fingers whipped some of the wax away, sealing white and flexible pieces of the stuff for the trip down along the shaft of Teddy's upjutting cock to Teddy's curly pubic hair.

Teddy's body gave one more giant shudder. Inside of him, Teddy felt the explosion going off. He felt his nuts, now gathered to a grapefruit-size mass at the base of his prick, pulse with eruption. And the cream in those ballooned testicles broke free, spewed through sexual tubes, rode out through the pumped stalk of Teddy's

frictioned-reddened prick, and blasted free of the man's pouting cock mouth.

Great, syrupy streamers of cum erupted like liquid good from a geyser. The juices went skyward for a few seconds and then were forced downward beneath their own weight. Creamy sunbursts were added to the waxy ones that were already speckling Teddy's chest and belly.

Danner tipped the candle to drop hot wax once again on Teddy's cockhead. The wax and the cum united. It solidified into a frothy mess that resembled cooked egg whites.

"Oh... oh... oh!" Teddy groaned, momentarily lost in a world of spiraling ecstasy that seemed at first destined to go on forever but which all too quickly began to pale.

"That's right, stud, get it all out," Danner said, his right hand still milking for the last of Teddy's sex juices. Cum and wax had flaked free, pieces catching in Teddy's crotch hair and remaining suspended there.

Danner finally released Teddy's cock, letting it fall back to Teddy's stomach. The slap the dropping prick made this time wasn't as loud as it had been before, because the eruption had taken some of the starch out of Teddy's hard-on. But the prick wouldn't go completely soft. Danner knew that, and so did Teddy. They knew from five years of past experience that had attuned them both to each other's body.

Danner began to come out of his squatting position, feeling, as usual, the gentle ache of muscles which had been strained during his squat. As his ass come upward, Danner felt his scrotum being only reluctantly released from Teddy's feasting mouth. Danner's sex bag stretched until it was taut between Danner's cock roots and Danner's two balls: the latter being contained between the folds of Teddy's pursed lips.

Finally, though, both testicles did pop free, bouncing up and down like rubber balls on the end of a rubber string.

Danner rose to a complete standing position. He blew out the candle and cooled the smoking wick between the tips of his spit-dampened thumb and index finger. He then gave the candle a toss that landed it back near the spot where Danner had originally gotten it.

Danner quickly changed his position so that he was still straddling Teddy's upper body but was not facing toward the head

of the work table instead of toward the foot of it.

Danner dropped back down, this time not going into a squat but actually putting one knee to each side of Teddy's torso. Danner's ass sat on Teddy's chest. Danner scooted up further along Teddy's muscular body, continuing to do so until his balls dropped to a rest within Teddy's jugular notch.

"Now that you've had your fun, it's time for me to have a little fun of my own," Danner said, his left hand scooping down to a cupping behind Teddy's head. Danner lifted, his right hand taking hold of Danner's cock and forcing it downward until Danner's cockhead touched Teddy's mouth.

Danner's hand milked his cock neck, making pre- cum juices ooze snail-like trailings onto Teddy's lips.

"Open up, slave bastard!" Danner instructed, his voice low-pitched with his building excitement. "You've got a monster cock here that is just as anxious as all hell to fuck a slave's slobbery mouth and throat."

Teddy obeyed the command, accompanying the opening of his mouth with a short indraw of breath that would keep him from choking when Danner fed Teddy the stiff cock inches.

Danner wasted no time whatsoever in fucking his cock home. He did so with a driving momentum that jabbed his cock into its roots in one violent fuck-stroke. Danner's lower belly mashed into Teddy's face, plugging Teddy's nose, forcing Teddy's head back more tightly into Danner's cupping fingers.

Danner's belly pressed even closer into Teddy's face, leaning to the point where Teddy's head was forced back to mask the knuckles of Danner's supporting left hand against the tabletop.

Danner, leaving his cock in place, his balls flowing over Teddy's chin, pulled his left hand free. Danner placed both his left and his right hand to the tabletop above Teddy's shoulders. He then eased his legs outward from their kneeling position until his body was laid out in the standard fuck position, different only in that Danner wasn't fucking ass or cunt but male mouth.

Danner pulled his cock part way out. The tight moistness of Teddy's mouth and throat was excitingly pleasurable.

Danner slammed his cock back inside. The glide of his prick within those wet-warm confines spread new warmth and enjoyment into the pit of Danner's belly.

Teddy's view of the world was somewhat restricted at that moment; although, not as much as it had been when eating out Danner's ass. What Teddy now saw was the sweaty muscle of Danner's lower belly on each withdrawal to cock head of Danner's cock, and the black curly pubic nest clustering the base of Danner's cock on each insertion of Danner's cock to its balls.

"Slave pig!" Danner grunted. "Goddamn... fucking... slave... pig!"

Danner's hips had gone into a steady push and pull movement. His cock moved up Teddy's mouth and throat. Half of his prick slid out beyond Teddy's pursed lips. That half was soon again shoved to join the other half up Teddy's throat. Danner's big, hairy balls, still sticky with the spit of Teddy's sucking, slapped against Teddy's chin.

Teddy was making sucking noises around Danner's cock, spit bubbling out around the corners of Teddy's mouth to be smeared along the sides of Danner's pumping prick.

Danner's cock grew harder and harder with its workout. Danner's fucking thrusts came faster and faster. Danner's breath came harder and faster.

Danner's upper body arched. Danner's head was thrown back while the muscles in his neck went taut. His body was sweaty.

Danner was almost there. *Almost* but not quite. All he needed was a few more pulls, a few more delicious dives into this clutching mouth and throat.

It was good: Danner's cock in-side of Teddy's mouth. And it was getting better... and better... and better.

"Aggghhhrrrrrr!" Danner grunted, running his prick in to his balls and leaving it stuck there. He ground his pelvis in hard against Teddy's face, his pubic hair chafing Teddy's bruised and battered lips.

Danner's nuts erupted their load. The man's gushing cum blasted flying slugs of cum into the back of Teddy's throat. The whiteness of the sperm splattered the throat and then drooled along it, drenching Teddy's taste buds with a sweet-sour saltiness.

"Oh... my... God!" Danner growled, punctuating with a loud purr of satisfaction like some giant cat. "Take my creamy load, you slave bastard! Take it... fucking, take it... TAKE IT!"

And Teddy did as he was commanded, taking it all, simultaneously knowing that it might be the first but it wouldn't be the last load of Danner's cum Teddy would be expected to drink that evening.

CHAPTER 5

Sean Bjorn leaned against the side of the building: half in and half out of the shadows. What light there was from a nearby street lamp caught in Sean's hair and highlighted the deeper reds.

A car came down the block and slowed, its driver trying to peer into the depths of the shadows. Sean paid little attention; but when it looked as if the car were going to stop, Sean raised his right middle finger in an obscene gesture that kept the car on the move.

Sean checked his wristwatch to verify the time. He folded his arms across his chest and leaned back against the brick—waiting.

A couple more cars cruised the block and Sean in the shadows; but, Sean showed no interest whatsoever in any of them. The first car Sean had so rudely dismissed, having made the wide four-block circle that was the nightly merry-go-round for guys in cars out to buy an evening of sex, came by again. This time there wasn't even a noticeable slowing down.

Finally Sean saw the car he wanted. He stepped further into the light so that there would be no mistaking his presence. The car slowed, then stopped. Sean walked over and got in.

No light had come on when the door opened, so no one watching could have told who the driver was as the car again moved out into the traffic.

As soon as possible, the driver edged the vehicle over into the turning lane and exited right out of the main circular traffic flow.

"Anything to report?" Grant Mandos asked finally, after they had been driving for a couple of minutes.

"Not much," Sean replied. "Bryan met some guy early last night at The Station House. They talked for maybe ten, fifteen minutes at the most. I was at the bar, and I'm no good at all in reading lips, so

I haven't the foggiest notion what they talked about. But Bryan did say it was business."

"Did he drop any name?"

"Nope; and, I even asked. I went through a little jealous number, accusing him of trying to pick up a replacement. I'm not too sure he *wasn't* interested. The guy, whoever he was, *was* one hell of a good-looker. But he didn't look queer."

"No?"

"Well, I could be wrong. I mean, nowadays it's harder than hell to tell; but, he didn't *look* it. You know what I mean?"

"Can't say as I do," Grant replied. Grant had only had the average gay experiences (once in high school, once in a college locker room—neither very fulfilling), and he certainly didn't consider himself an expert on the subject. He would just have to take Sean's word for it. Grant had read Sean's dossier; and if anyone should know a gay when he saw one, it sure as hell should have been Sean Bjorn. Grant wondered if there had been any queer on the other side of the law that the agency hadn't used Sean to wheedle information out of.

"He wasn't one of the bar regulars, anyway," Sean commented, looking out of the car window at nothing in particular.

The car had moved out of the city's all-night cruising area and was now driving slowly through the streets of a residential district. "I've never seen this guy before. And I would have recognized him if I had. He's not easily forgetable—even in a bar that sometimes has more than its share of handsome faces and hunky bodies."

"Think he might have anything to do with the business at Russel Packing?"

Sean shrugged, then reminded: "Bryan just said business. I left it at that."

Grant made another turn. The houses on the left gave way to a wide expanse of trees and shrubs. The road now paralleled Jefferson-Winfield Park.

"You got enough of a memory so that I could get a composite picture for our files?" Grant asked.

"We could give it a try. You got the book handy?"

"Yea, it's in the trunk. You have to get back early?"

"Naw, not tonight. I'm as free as a bird. You have anything special in mind?" Sean gave Grant a suggestive wink.

"Sean, you are a bastard!" Grant said with a nervous little laugh. He never knew when Sean was serious or just making jokes. The fact that Sean was gay always made Grant a little on edge.

Sean hadn't added that he had tried for a date with Bryan but had gotten a polite put-off. Sean thought maybe Ryan was beginning to look for greener pastures. Well, goddamn it, what could you expect? The agency had had Sean on this assignment for close to six months; Sean had been unable to come up with very much. Either Bryan was a tight-lipped little sonofabitch; or, Bryan's father wasn't involved in what it was suspected he was involved in; or, Danner Myles was involved but had never let his son know it. One way or the other, the agency was going to have to soon be looking for another pipeline into the Myles family. Because after six months of fucking and sucking with Bryan Myles, Sean figured he had just about used up his repertoire of things to keep Bryan sexually interested.

After all, it wasn't as if the two of them had ever *really* hit it off in the first place. They made good sex together, but it had never been great sex by a long shot. Sean knew that; and, so did Bryan Myles. It was, therefore, only a matter of time before...

Grant turned the car into one of the park roadways, heading up a small hill and in among the trees. Fifteen minutes later, he made another turn onto a gravel road and braked the car to a complete stop.

"Let's get some lights on in here, huh?" Grant suggested. He activated a switch on his door; and, the lights came on. Grant then opened his door and got out.

"Watch out for muggers!" Sean said.

Granted gave an appreciative laugh and walked back to the car trunk. Inside the trunk, he found what he was looking for. He brought it back with him to the front seat. He handed the large book to Sean.

Sean folded back the front cover, revealing the face of a man drawn fullface on white plastic. The face was really in segments, much like a jigsaw puzzle composed only of horizontal panels. By flipping one or more of the panels, the visible face could be given new hair, new eyes, new nose, new mouth, new chin and jaws.

Sean began flipping, trying to recall to mind just how Monty Darnel had looked in The Station House talking to Bryan Myles.

CHAPTER 6

Monty felt uneasy. But then he always did when he found himself in a rest room with nothing to do. Goddamn it, but he wished he had suggested that they meet somewhere else. But the voice on the phone—not Bryan's voice—had said the rest room on B-level; and, Monty had been so relieved to have been contacted that he hadn't even thought of suggesting they make the rendezvous elsewhere. .

So here he was, having washed his hands twice and dried them, feeling like an asshole, especially since one of the toilet stalls was in use. Being used by whom? By Monty's contact, or by some worker who had decided to take a crap during his break?

Monty glanced nervously toward the bathroom door and then toward the occupied toilet stall. If Monty's contact were in the stall, the guy would have certainly come out by now, wouldn't he? But if the guy wasn't Monty's contact, then wasn't he probably wondering what Monty was doing, hanging around a latrine but doing nothing?

Monty got even more paranoid. He decided to at least fake a normal reason for being where he was. He went over to the second stall in the room and pulled open the door. He was in, his back turned toward the toilet, his belt unbuckled, and his pants unzipped, before he realized there was a hole separating his stall from the occupied one.

Monty almost re-zipped his pants, re-buckled his belt, and got the hell out. Then he realized that the guy next door, whoever he was, was probably just as embarrassed by the peephole as Monty was, and was probably avoiding notice of it like the plague.

Monty pulled down his pants and his underpants.

He sat down. He waited. At least he figured he now *seemed* to have a valid excuse for being where he was. He no longer had the

inner fear that anyone could accuse him of being a queer, cruising the company cans.

He heard the faint scratching on the partition separating his stall from the next one. He turned toward the noise, seeing nothing but a wall covered with scrawls of graffiti—mostly of a sexual nature:

You hold the whole world in your hand. If you want ten inches, call 925-4600. Have cock—will fuck queer.

The scratching on the partition continued. Monty didn't know what to make of it. The very fact that it was so out of context made Monty even more uneasy about its presence. It was obvious, after a few moments, that the guy on the other side was using something (a fingernail?) to cause the sounds.

Monty shifted uneasily on his seat. He was very tempted, once again, to pull up his pants and get the fuck out of here. But the guy he was supposed to meet here obviously wasn't here yet. If it *were* the guy in the adjacent stall, there would have certainly been more contact by now than just the undecipherable scratching. Yet, there was no one else here yet; or, Monty would have heard the rest room door opening.

The scratching went right on. Monty could almost tell exactly where the fingernail was on the other side. Monty followed the noise with his eyes, realizing that it was growing near and nearer the hole in the wall.

Get up and get out of here! Monty told himself. Because whatever was happening here, it *shouldn't* have been happening.

Where in the hell was Monty's contact? Had he, whoever he was, seen this guy in the next stall come in? Was he waiting now for him to come out? Maybe Monty should leave the rest room until this guy left, then come back. On the other hand, Monty didn't want to risk missing out on the meeting that had been planned.

Why in the fuck did this jerk in the next stall choose this particular time and day to take his shit? Monty had used this latrine only a few times in the past (it was pretty much isolated from most work areas); but, he had always found it empty. So, why in the fuck couldn't it have been empty this time?

The scratching stopped. *Thank God!*

Monty's nerves were on edge. You would have thought a fingernail had been dragged over the surface of a blackboard instead of just on a toilet partition.

After Monty's original discovery of the hole in the dividing wall, he had consciously avoided paying any direct attention to it. There was no way he had wanted the guy next door to even suspect that Monty might be using the opening as a peephole to check out his neighbor's sexual equipment. Although the idea of Monty doing so held a kind of perverted fascination for the young man. The idea of sticking his eye up to that carved circular window and zooming his gaze in on someone's big cock hung between a pair of muscular thighs was...

What in the fuck was he thinking of? What in the shit had gotten into him lately? Ever since Monty's confrontation with that kid in the tavern, Monty had been thinking entirely too much about queers and cocks and lewd sexual practices. *Goddamn it, he had to get a grip on himself. Of what possible interest to him was the cock on the other side of this partition?*

There was a flicker of movement at the hole.

Suddenly a finger was poked through, running around the total rim of the aperture.

Monty couldn't believe any of this was happening. He had heard of such things happening in public latrines, hadn't he? But he had never—NEVER—had it happen to him. So, why was it happening now? After a lifetime of no contact with this particular perverted element of society, why was it that Monty was suddenly being bombarded by it: first by the kid in the bar, now by this guy in the next toilet stall?

So, why in the fuck didn't Monty get up and leave?

Why was he sitting here, as helplessly hypnotized by the flicking of that finger as any small animal would have been hypnotized by the movements of a snake?

The finger was withdrawn. *Thank God!*

And Monty was embarrassed to realize that his cock was beginning to swell. Its flaccid bulk had become thicker, its head extending further toward the water in the toilet bowel. *Jesus, what was even vaguely exciting about a finger being stuck through a hole in a wooden partition?*

More movement. The finger again? No, not a finger. Not this time. This time it was a...

Jesus, for a brief moment Monty had actually thought the guy was jabbing his cock through! But it wasn't a cock, was it? It was a long and slippery tongue, looking horribly obscene as it wiggled

there in front of Monty. It was wet with spit, curling and uncurling like some exotic flower in perpetual bloom.

Christ, what held Monty there? What made him stay glued to this toilet seat? What made his cock stretch to a continued fullness?

"What in the fuck are you up to, you pervert?" Monty asked aloud, relieved to see the tongue pulled back out of sight. Then fearing that the tongue had been removed only to be replaced by an eye, Monty self-consciously put his hands over his lap to hide from view the tumescent state of his prick.

"Come on, stud, let me suck your cock," a voice whispered directly over the other side of the hole. "Stick your fat meat through here and let me eat it all the way down to your big, hair-covered nuts."

Monty was speechless. He didn't know what to say.

"Come on, stud," the whisper continued. "Give me your stud cock. Give it to me so that I can suck it free of the load of your cum-ballooned testicles."

"You're sick!" Monty hissed, finally finding his voice.

Why was his cock getting harder? Why... was... his ... cock... responding... to... any...of... this... perversion?

"What are you afraid of, butch?" the husky voice continued. "Afraid you'll turn queer just because of one blow-job by a queer?"

Was that what Monty was afraid of? Was it? He really didn't know what he was afraid of? But he did know that he was afraid of something.

"I've got a hot and hungry mouth, stud," the low voice said, the tongue momentarily flicking back and forth like the tongue of a large snake. "I can show you a better time than any wife or girl friend could ever do. Is that what you're afraid of? Afraid that my mouth will spoil you on nookie?"

Monty had had enough! He had had more than enough! In a maneuver that was as coordinated as Monty could make it, Monty stood and pulled up his pants. For a brief second, his now stiff cock jutted out obscenely through his open pants fly; but, Monty tucked it quickly out of sight and pulled up his pants zipper to conceal all but the evident bulge of his erection.

"Come on, stud," the voice on the other side hissed in obvious disappointment. "That big, monster cock of yours hasn't had an orgasm like the one my hungry mouth wants to give it."

Monty hurriedly unlocked his toilet stall and exited. In three large steps he was across the tile of the outside room and was throwing open the door leading to the hallway beyond. He almost knocked over Danner Myles who was on his way in.

"Christ, I'm sorry!" Monty apologized immediately, suddenly very much flustered. *How did he explain that he had somehow just been scared shitless by a harmless pervert ensconced in a rest room can?*

"Mr. Darnel, isn't it?" Danner asked. "You're leaving?"

"Yes, leaving," Monty agreed. There was no way he was sticking around with that degenerate inside the rest room.

"You've decided not to stay for our planned discussion, then?" Danner asked curiously.

"Oh?" Monty asked, somehow surprised that he had forgotten entirely about his whole purpose for being here in the first place. "Sure, I'm interested. It's just that..."

Danner eyed Monty curiously and then glanced at the bathroom door.

"Something happen in there?" Danner asked, nodding toward the closed door.

"No. Nothing," Monty denied. How, after all, did he try explaining to this man that he had been propositioned for sex? Would Danner's gaze have automatically done down to Monty's crotch and seen the obviously swollen condition of Monty's cock behind the pants material?

"Come on," Danner said, his hand on the bathroom door, preparing to swing it open.

"Hey, can't we go somewhere else besides a public can to discuss our business?" Monty suggested. "Besides, there's somebody in there, using one of the shitters."

"There's someone else in there all right," Danner said, pushing open the door. "But if I know Teddy, he's not taking a crap."

CHAPTER 7

"Hey, Mandos," Ken Ronald said, entering the office and propping his ass up on the edge of Grant Mandos' desk. "I'm going out for sandwiches. You want one?" .

Grant looked up from the pile of paperwork in front of him, giving Ken the look of a man dying o thirst, suddenly confronted by a seller of cold drinks in the middle of nowhere.

"How about a couple of ham and cheese, and a *good* cup of coffee," Grant said. "This pee that's called coffee around here is enough to rot your stomach lining out."

"Two ham and cheese, one cup of java, coming up," Ken replied; but, at that particular moment, he really wasn't all that interested in Grant's food order. Ken had reached for a flier that was positioned on one corner of Grant's desk. Ken picked it up, looking at the picture that had been reproduced on paper. "Someone I know?"

"Naw," Grant replied, glad for a short break from work. "Turns out he's a government meat inspector at Russel Packing."

"You guys still trying to crack that nut?"

"Yea. Somebody upstairs tends to think we're going to eventually pull in something. But the operation as it exists is damn tight-lipped. We can't hope to get anything as long as everyone involved is getting paid off in high chips we can't hope to duplicate in bribes."

"And this one?" Ken asked, wiggling the flier.

Grant shrugged: "All we know is that he had a meeting recently with the son of one of the men we think is involved up to his neck. There's the possibility this kid was offered money for his cooperation. He's just been assigned to Russel. Some old bugger

who had been an inspector for years, and probably on the take for years, too, dropped over dead."

"Has the kid confirmed that he was offered money for his cooperation?"

"No one ever confirms shit to anything if they know they're talking to one of our agents," Grant said. "But we've got an undercover man trying to diplomatically pump him for info without being all that obvious about our interest."

"I think you guys are beating on a dead horse," Ken said, letting the sheet of paper flutter back into place. "How long have you been trying to nail these guys to the wall anyway? Sox months? Seven?"

"Well, I would appreciate it if you would pass that on to my immediate superiors," Grant said, giving a long sigh and rubbing his tired eyes with the thumb and fuck-finger of his left hand. "I would much rather be transferred on to bigger and better things."

"I'll do that," Ken said with a laugh, scooting his ass free of the desk. "Right after I go get your sandwiches and coffee."

Ken left the office, stopping off in a couple more that had the midnight oil burning. He then left the agency building and headed down the street to the twenty-four-hour delicatessen on the next block. He gave the guy behind the counter the order-to-go and went over to the pay phone booth in one corner. He entered the booth, fishing for the right change. He deposited the money into the proper slots and dialed. The phone on the other end rang for six times with no answer. Ken continued to let it ring. "Yes?" a voice thick with sleep asked finally from the other end.

"Danner, you have got big trouble!" Ken said into the mouthpiece.

"Who is this?"

"Ken, you shit. So wake up and take notice. You've got some fucking reporter in the plant masquerading as a fucking meat inspector."

"A reporter?"

"Yea, an investigative reporter from *The Evening Monitor and Dispatch.* He did the expose on the big Toronto-connection heroin bust a few years back when I was working out of our agency offices in Canada."

"You're sure?"

"I'm sure. You just better make sure you pinpoint the fucker I'm talking about. You got any hints?"

"Young? Blond? Doesn't look shit like a meat inspector?"

"Sounds to me as if you just hit the fucker on the head."

"It has to be Darnel. Montgomery Darnel. He's the only new inspector we've had on in over a year that hasn't been on our payroll."

"You talked to him yet, Danner? You spilled out your guts?"

"I'll handle it," Danner said, trying to be calm and cool but feeling his guts turning somersaults inside of him. "Just leave everything to me."

"Yea, I'll do that," Ken replied. "And I'm hoping you do a good job of taking care of this, too. You let this reporter bastard get inside and find out what's happening in there, and you'll be reading about yourself in every paper from here to Timbuktu."

"I said *I* would take care of it," Danner insisted, feigning a confidence that everything was well in hand, when, in actuality, it probably wasn't well in hand at all. The meat for the Westburger buy was already being processed. There were stacks of misgraded meat sitting in the freezers ready for shipment. Darnel was supposedly keeping his eyes shut, when his eyes were apparently wide open and soaking up God-on-knew how much incriminating information.

"Ad see if you can't handle a couple extra hundred in my next pay enveloped, you bastard," Ken said. "The way I figure it, this tip of mine is going to save you fuckers a bundle."

"I'll check with the people upstairs," Danner said, already wondering what in the hell he was going to do about the fly in the ointment.

"Yea, you do that," Ken said and then hung up the phone.

Ken waited another ten minutes in the delicatessen for his order to be completed. He then paid the bill and carried the warm bags back to the agency building.

In Grant Mandos' office, the flier was still on Grant's desk. Ken wondered if there was anyone else around who knew Monty Darnel on sight.

CHAPTER 8

"Hi, remember me?" Sean Bjorn asked, stopping by the booth Monty Darnel was sitting in.

No, Monty didn't recognize him. Which was kind of strange; since, it was Monty's job to remember people's faces. Still, although Sean's face did look vaguely familiar, nothing clicked immediately inside of Monty's mind to connect the face to any name.

"Sean Bjorn," Sean said.

And Monty knew for sure he didn't know this young man from beans. He might have—by some chance of fate—misplaced a face. But there was no way Monty was going to misplace a name like Sean Bjorn.

"You don't remember me, then?" Sean said, sitting down across from Monty without waiting for any invitation to do so.

"I'm afraid not," Monty admitted. Monty wasn't one of those people who could pretend to anything his face so readily portrayed as otherwise.

"Actually, I don't know why you should remember," Sean said. Without blinking an eye, he made his request for coffee from a waitress on the way by the table. Sean then turned his conversation back to Monty. "I was with Bryan Myles at The Station House the night you were there."

Click. Click. Click. And no wonder Monty hadn't recognized Sean. Monty had tried his damnedest to forget everything about his encounter with Bryan Myles—even if that meeting had later produced pay dirt and had been less traumatic than Monty's meeting with Teddy James in the rest room of Russel Packing.

"Oh, yea, you were at the bar," Monty said, nervously glancing around to make sure that there were few people within hearing

distance.

"Right!" Sean verified. "I was the one that thought you and Bryan were cooking up something that didn't include me."

Monty gave a nervous laugh and again made sure that the two of them were comparatively isolated from any overhearing ears.

"My apologies," Sean said. "Bryan told me later it was only business."

The waitress brought Sean's coffee. He thanked her.

"So, what business are you in?" Sean asked Monty, as if there had been no interruption in their previous conversation.

"I work for the U.S. government as a rotating meat inspector," Monty said, wondering if he wasn't making a mistake in saying anything. "I'm presently at Russel Packing. Bryan's father works there."

"Yea, I know," Sean said and smiled.

And, Jesus, wasn't it a raunchy piece of bad luck that Monty should meet Sean and Sean should recognize him! Why did these things always have to happen to Monty? Lately, there seemed to have been some kind of secret conspiracy afoot to constantly throw Monty into contact with every faggot in the neighborhood. Monty would have far better had a gradual exposure over his whole lifetime rather than this glut of exposure the last couple of weeks.

"You don't look like a meat inspector," Sean said over the rim of his coffee cup.

"You don't look like anyone who would let someone else tie you to a bed, either," Monty said, wishing he could bite off his tongue. Granted, he wasn't too hep on discussing what was going on at Russel Packing with Sean, but the last area he wanted to steer the conversation into was the area of sex.

"Bryan told you that, did he?" Sean asked, seemingly unconcerned.

"I didn't believe him, of course," Monty said, carefully cutting off a large chunk of his steak on the plate in front of him.

"Why not? It was true," Sean said, checking for Monty's reaction. Sean was amused to see a bit of shock registered on Monty's face, in spite of Monty's equally obvious efforts to keep that shock from showing.

"I see," Monty said, *seeing* nothing at all.

Goddamn, Monty's cock was going hard! What in the fuck had been happening to him lately? All he seemed to be doing was

meeting queers and getting hard-ons.

"You're not into the b-and-d scene?" Sean asked.

Monty was going to deny that he even knew what b and d meant, but Bryan Myles had already taken care of that part of his education, hadn't he?

"No, I'm not into b and d," Monty said. He almost added that he wasn't even into gay sex, but he hoped that was already obvious.

"I thought maybe you were," Sean said. "I looked for you a couple of times after that at The Station House, but I never saw you."

"I haven't been back," Monty said.

"You're so sure you wouldn't be interested in the scene?" Sean asked, taking another sip of his coffee. "I'm not gay," Monty said, deciding it was best to put everything right up front after all. He didn't want this young redhead getting any more funny ideas than he had already possibly gotten by having seen Monty in that bar with Bryan.

"Why?" Sean asked, seeming not as surprised as Monty had expected. If anyone was surprised it was Monty at Sean's reply.

"*Why?"* Monty echoed.

"You tried it and didn't like it?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Gay sex? You *did* try it?"

"I'm not too sure that's any of your business," Monty said, shocked at this bastard's unmitigated gall.

"Would you say you didn't like vanilla ice cream without having tried it?" Sean asked.

"Eating vanilla ice cream and eating male cock is not one and the same thing," Monty reminded somewhat facetiously.

"There's more to gay sex than you eating cock," Sean answered. "How about getting your cock sucked, or you fucking someone else's asshole?"

"I can't believe I'm sitting here, having this conversation with you," Monty said, going to fork another piece of his steak into his mouth but having second thoughts about doing so. Suddenly, there was something a bit obscene about chewing on a piece of red meat, even when that piece of meat came from a side of beef.

I know a lot of guys who wouldn't turn down sex with you, even if you didn't do anything but stand there and supply the hard cock."

"You have got to be kidding!" Monty said. He didn't mean kidding in the sense of *what* Sean had said, but rather kidding in the whole context of the conversation.

"Me for one," Sean said. "I like your looks."

Monty wasn't sure how he should be reacting. He had blown his cool with Bryan in the bar. He had panicked in the rest room with Teddy James. He surely had enough practice with gays to now handle this confrontation with a little finesse. Didn't he?

After all, what was the big deal to get excited about? Huh? In a way—a very strange way—Sean was even being complimentary, wasn't he?

"Thanks, but no thanks," Monty said, finally getting up nerve enough to take another hunk of his beef and begin chewing on it.

"I would even let you tie me to a bed and fuck me," Sean said.

"For Christ's sake...!" Monty said, nervously interrupting his sentence for fear that everyone in the restaurant would soon be turning their undivided attention in his direction. Monty laid down his knife and fork, wiped his mouth with a napkin. He looked for the waitress. He was going to motion for the bill. He suddenly wanted to get the hell out of here.

And why, as usual, was his cock going hard? Was he really at all excited by the perverted overtures for degenerate sex that Sean had just so brazenly offered?

"Just think, once you got me tied up, you would be free to do anything—ANYTHING—you damn well pleased to my helpless body."

"You know that is sick, don't you?" Monty said, suddenly trying desperately to keep his cool. "It is SO sick that I'm sure you're just playing some kind of perverted little game, aren't you?"

"Because I think you're one handsome stud and am hot to get your big cock rammed up my asshole?"

"Because," Monty hissed, "you would have to be crazy to come up to a complete stranger and offer to let him tie you up and use you. What in the hell would happen to you if you made that request of someone who is crackers?"

"Are you crackers?" Sean asked and smiled.

"Hell no; but, what if..."

"If you're not crackers, then what's the problem?"

Monty could only shake his head in total disbelief. He looked for the waitress again, found her this time, and—thank God!—got her

attention. Monty motioned for the bill and the waitress headed in Monty's direction.

"All finished?" the waitress asked, upon once reaching the table. She noticed that Monty was apparently leaving a good half of his steak. "Was the meal okay?"

"The meal was just fine," Monty said. "And, yes, I am finished."

"Is this separate checks?"

"Yes," Sean said at the same time Monty was saying: "No."

The waitress looked from Sean to Monty, waiting for their final decision.

"Yes, put it all on my bill," Monty clarified.

"Thank you," Sean said. "I'll have to make it up to you somehow later."

Just leave me the fuck alone! Monty thought; but he didn't say it. The waitress would have probably been put at a loss by any sudden outburst of that sort.

Monty paid the bill with a ten-dollar bill and didn't wait for his change. He scooted out of the booth and stood, somehow disturbed that Sean followed suit. Monty had had false hopes of walking out of the restaurant and leaving Sean behind him—hopefully for good.

But Sean wasn't about to oblige. Not only did he stand when Monty stood, but he was right on Monty's heels when Monty exited the restaurant.

"How about giving me a ride to my apartment?" Sean asked, once they were both out on the sidewalk.

"You are not to be believed!" Monty said in obvious frustration.

"I don't know what you're so upset about," Sean said. "If you're not into gay sex, that's cool with me. But if it's true that you can't get turned on to the idea of sex with another man, then why..."

And Monty thought for sure Sean was going to say: "Why is your cock so fucking hard?" But he didn't.

"... should you be afraid of having me ride in the same car with you?"

"It's not a question of being afraid of you," Monty said. *Was* he afraid of him? "It's merely the case of having a previous appointment." *Which was a lie.* "And I can't take the time to play chauffeur."

"How do you know my place isn't on your way?" Sean asked, giving a silly little grin that looked exceptionally attractive on his decidedly boyish features.

"It is *not* on the way," Monty said. "Take my word for it."

Sean shrugged in obvious defeat, shaking his head in a way that indicated his not really understanding where in the hell Monty's head was at.

"Well, then, see you around," Sean said. He did a slow about-face and headed off down the sidewalk, leaving Monty feeling like a goddamn asshole.

"Hey, wait a minute, Sean!"

Sean stopped, looking back.

"So, which way *is* it to your place?" Monty asked. After all, what in the fuck was Monty running from? You would have thought he was some innocent adolescent the way he was acting. Hell, he was an adult of twenty-two years of age. If he had gone this long without doing anything homosexual, then he wasn't about to succumb to this kid's obvious attempts at seduction, was he?

Sean pointed off in the direction he had been heading.

"So, I'll give you a ride home," Monty said, hoping he wasn't making one hell of a big mistake.

CHAPTER 9

Monty was playing with fire, wasn't he? Sure as hell, he was! And he knew it. So, you would have thought he would have had sense enough to quit and run, wouldn't you? So, what was he doing, standing outside of Sean's apartment, gazing inside at Sean who had just unlocked the door?

Come on in," Sean said, his mouth stretched in a smile of obvious amusement. "I promise I won't bite—unless, of course, I ask permission first."

"Maybe I had better not come in after all," Monty said, knowing that Sean knew Monty was running scared; and, Sean seemed to be enjoying it. "I do have that other appointment, remember?"

"Are you *afraid* to come in?" Sean asked, his smile widening.

"Hell, no, I'm not *afraid,"* Monty countered. On the other hand, he didn't make any new moves to enter the apartment, did he?

"Good. Because there's no reason why you should be. You're certainly big and strong enough to take care of yourself if I should try anything funny, aren't you? I mean, I certainly don't know any judo, or karate, or any other exotic martial arts for that matter. Do *you?"*

And Monty entered the apartment, Sean shutting the door behind him.

"Now, I've got you where I want you!" Sean said, suddenly washing his hands in front of his face like some horrendous ghoul in a horror movie who has finally gotten the virgin heroine in his clutches. Sean, though, soon caught the increased nervousness in Monty and aborted that particular pose. "That was a joke, you know? J-O-K-E?"

"Oh," Monty said and laughed nervously.

"Well, have a seat," Sean instructed, "while I mix that drink I promised you. Scotch, wasn't it?"

"Please."

"Without the knockout drops, right?"

"Right," Monty said, punctuating with yet another nervous laugh.

Monty found a chair and sat down in it. He avoided the couch, because that would have allowed an adjacent spot for Sean to sit in.

Sean walked over to a small bar setup in one corner. He filled two glasses with ice and then with Scotch.

"You've never been much around the gay scene, have you?" Sean asked, bringing Monty a glass and leaving it with him while Sean plopped down on the couch.

"Why do you say that?" Monty asked, wondering why he should feel somehow so indignant that his inexperience was so recognizable.

"How?" Sean asked with a laugh of genuine amusement. "Isn't it only obvious? I mean, you tense up even at the mention of male-male sex. You got so choked up, as a matter of fact, that you left half of your steak on your plate, and you had the poor waitress wondering if someone hadn't screwed up in the kitchen."

"I'm really not a very big eater," Monty said.

"Oh," Sean responded, still smiling.

The two sipped their drinks in silence. It was Sean who once again began the conversation, pretty near where he had dropped it a few seconds earlier. "Which didn't really answer my question, did it?"

"No, I haven't had much experience with gays," Monty admitted, wondering why he had hesitated doing so in the first place.

"And that boggles my mind, you know?"

"Why should it?" Monty asked, taking another large swallow of the liquor that burned pleasantly all of the way down to his belly.

"You fishing for a little flattery?" Sean asked, jiggling the ice cubes in his glass but looking directly at Monty.

"Flattery?" Monty asked; so obviously unable to make the connection that Sean was forced to shake his head in amazement.

"You've got an exceptional body and an attractive face," Sean said. "By the looks of your crotch, you're either hung like a horse, or you've got a sock stuffed with cotton in the front of your shorts."

Monty felt himself beginning to blush.

"In short, you've got all the ingredients that usually draws us perverts like flies."

"Oh," Monty said. It was not only all he could think of at the moment, but it was all he could get out.

"You're sure you've *never* been propositioned before?" Sean asked, still determined to ferret out that one homosexual experience most kids were supposed to experience once or twice before adulthood. Oh, Sean had heard that there were some guys who never experimented in gay sex, but he had always assumed that those men were the ugly ones. It was actually a definite turn-on knowing that he had here one of those handsome virgins who had gotten away.

"Oh, there were guys everyone called faggots in school," Monty said. "But I never ran around with them. I was always with the jock group."

"That hardly should have kept you immune from sexual passes," Sean said, sipping his drink. "You know who owned the first hard prick that I ever got rammed up my rosy-red ass hole?" He didn't wait for Monty to express an interest in finding out. "My high-school football coach, that's who. And I wasn't the only member of the team he had stuck his big fat cock into, either."

Monty felt himself blush even redder. He would have thought Sean was pulling his leg (my God, a gay football coach!), but Monty could remember an often talked about scandal in college. The year before Monty had arrived, one of the coaches had been fired after having been caught in a compromising position with one of his students.

"Not all of us faggots are the lilty-voiced, limp-wristed queers stereotyped by all the red-necks out there in middle America," Sean said. "Does Bryan Myles remind you of what a typical queer is supposed to look like?"

Monty obliged by nodding his head no. As usual, he was having trouble making use of his vocal cords. "Damn right, he doesn't!" Sean followed up. "I won't ask you if I look like a fairy, because you would only think I was fishing for a compliment this time, wouldn't you?"

Although Monty didn't answer, he knew that Sean knew that he knew that Sean didn't look at all like the stereotype faggot. Maybe that was part of the fascination people like Bryan Myles and Sean now held for Monty. They didn't *look* queer. They looked absolutely

normal. In fact, their talk about sucking and fucking, getting tied to beds and getting whipped, somehow didn't fit the picture that both Bryan and Sean outwardly presented.

There had been a kid when Monty had been in college, a real popular kid who had captained the school gymnastics team and had belonged to all the right clubs and fraternity. There had been occasional whispers regarding the kid's kinky sex life. But Monty hadn't believed the rumors that the kid was gay. Because Monty once dated a girl who had dated the guy; and, the girl had told Monty that Mel (the guy's name was Mel) could fuck with the best of them. How could anyone who had fucked cunt continue to fuck male mouth or ass hole? Monty thought it impossible then; and, he *thought* he still found it impossible now.

"Come on," Sean said, standing. "I want to show you something." He added, when Monty hesitated: "I promise to keep hands off. Scouts' honor. And believe it or not, I was once an Eagle Scout with all kinds of merit badges."

Monty waited for Sean to say that the second time he had gotten his rosy-red ass hole plugged by a big prick had been by a Scout Master at some jamboree. But Sean didn't say any such thing. Monty stood.

Sean led the way to the bedroom and stood in the open doorway, pointing.

"There she is!"

Monty was a bit confused. All he really saw was a bed.

"That's the bed Bryan tied me to before he beat my ass and then fucked me."

"Oh," Monty said, wondering if he had suddenly been limited to that one-word vocabulary.

"For Christ's sake, loosen up a little Monty," Sean said, accompanying with a laugh and a pat on Monty's beck. His hand lingered a little longer than necessary on Monty before Sean pulled it away. Sean was encouraged by the fact that Monty hadn't consciously recoiled from Sean's touch. "Here, let me show you a little of my collection of accoutrements."

Monty raised an eyebrow. Did he expect Sean to unzip and pull out his large cock? If he did, he ended up being disappointed. Sean moved over to a nearby chest of drawers and pulled out the top drawer. He beckoned Monty over.

"My playthings," Sean announced, indicating the ropes, chains, metal bracelets, leather thongs, and handcuffs that were in the open drawer.

Monty looked, fascinated in spite of himself. If he had in any way doubted that Sean was involved in the bondage-and-discipline trip (had he *ever* doubted?) those doubts were assuaged now.

"You weren't kidding, were you?" Monty said, amazed, and strangely drawn to the implements of bondage that were laid out for his observation. *Why was he strangely drawn to them?*

"Did you think I *was* kidding?" Sean asked, picking out a pair of handcuffs and snapping them open.

"I don't know. Probably."

"Well, I was being dead serious," Sean said putting one handcuff bracelet around his left wrist and clamping it shut. "I was dead serious about everything. Especially about how I would willingly let you..."

"I think I had better go now," Monty said, draining his glass and heading back into the living room. He deposited his empty glass on the coffee table and turned back to Sean who was leaning against the doorjamb, eyeing Monty curiously.

"What is it you're afraid of, stud?" Sean asked. "I'm the one who should be afraid, don't you think?"

While Monty watched, Sean put both of his hands behind his back. There was the loud clicking of metal against metal as the once-empty cuff closed around Sean's right wrist.

"Look at me," Sean said. "Handcuffed and vulnerable. Pretty much at your mercy. But the way *you're* acting, you would think you're the one who is helpless, wouldn't you? What could you possibly have to fear from me?"

Monty felt his mouth go dry. He also felt his underpants crotch go wetter as a new gushing of preseminal juices came oozing out of his suddenly pulsing penis mouth.

"So, what's a big, butch guy like you running scared of?" Sean asked, walking slowly across the room, approaching Monty with caution like one would approach a spooked animal. "You think I'm in a position to force you into having sex with me? You think, handcuffed as I am, I'm capable of getting the best of you in any struggle? Now Monty, goddamn it, I'm helpless. I couldn't rape you if I *weren't* handcuffed, let alone now that I am. You do see that, don't you?"

And all the while, Sean knew what he was after, didn't he? He was after that big hunk of swollen meat that was pressing that enormous bulge in Monty's left pants leg. And that wasn't what he was supposed to be after, was it? That wasn't what he was being paid by the U.S. government to get, was it? Hell, no! He was supposed to be pumping Monty for information about what Bryan Myles had wanted during that little conversation at The Station House. Some people thought that an offer—had been made at that time to purchase Monty's cooperation. Because there was some shit going down at Russel Packing that Uncle Sam was hot to put a stop to. And if one man on the inside at Russel Packing could be persuaded to forego his lucrative profits and spill the beans, there might be a case to be made.

Well, Uncle Sam's business was going to have to play second fiddle for the moment to Sean Bjorn's own wants. And right now Sean was hot for Monty's body. As a matter of fact, Sean didn't know when he had been this excited by the prospect of servicing anybody. Maybe it was because Monty was so obviously a virgin. Maybe it was because Monty was such a fucking butch stud. Whatever the reasons, Sean had something here he wanted. And all that was momentarily important was the game being played to get it.

Monty, meanwhile, was tensing in preparation for a quick retreat. A retreat that would take him out of the apartment and into the comparative safety of his car parked outside.

Why had he come here? Why had he let things progress quite this far?

"You think even a slight contact with gay sex is going to taint your masculinity, don't you?" Sean said. He stopped a few feet from Monty, afraid that going any closer would make Monty bolt. "But that's absurd. You think after you've had your cock sucked that there's an automatic neon sign that suddenly goes off over your head, announcing the fact to the world? Do you think with all the times I've been fucked in the mouth and ass that you or anybody else would ever have known if I hadn't told you?"

"This is sick," Monty said. *Why wasn't he running?* "You need help. Really you do!"

"Me?" Sean asked. "And what about you?"

"I don't need help," Monty replied, shaking his head in emphasis. "I'm just fine, thank-you."

"Fine? Fine when you can't even decide about something for yourself but are swayed by the dictates of a society whose morals have been outdated for centuries? You do know why the original taboos on homosexuality came about, don't you? Sure you do. Because any and all sperm blasted up a sterile hole didn't yield offspting. And primitive tribes needed people to survive. For the more people, the more power they had, the more chance they had of surviving diaster by pure number alone. But where has that reasoning gone in today's modern world? Huh? The world, with its present state of overpopulation, would be better off if more and more men shot their baby-making cum up male mouth and ass instead of up fertile pussy."

"You can find a way of rationalizing any obscenity if you look hard and far enough."

His cock was hard. His cock was hard. His... goddamn... cock... was... hard.

"And maybe you're right. But you truthfully tell me who is going to be harmed if you fuck my face or ass. And that is what I want you to do, Monty. I want you to fuck my mouth or my ass, jab your thick prick in me so deep that you're in to your cum-filled balls. Will you do that for me, Monty? Will you?"

"Sick!" Monty exclaimed. "Goddman sick!"

"What's so sick about something I want and you want so desperately?" Sean asked.

"I want?" Monty asked incredulously.

"Are you going to tell me that cock of yours isn't hard?" Sean asked, smiling.

And Monty knew the argument would come to this, didn't he? He had stood here expecting it, trying desperately to come up with a valid counterargument; and, he had been unable to find one.

His cock WAS hard! And it SHOULDN'T have been!

"Sure it's hard," Sean said. "It has been hard since the restaurant. It is hard because it knows what you want and shows it, while your silly brain tries to clutter up basic instincts with a bunch of mental bullshit."

"No!" Monty denied, wondering just why his cock WAS hard. Why wasn't it soft in the face of his perversion? Why wasn't it shriveled up into an accordion-like numb that refused to come out until this obscenely lurid horror was over? Why was Monty's cock betraying all of those arguments being given to Monty via his brain?

"Look Monty," Sean said, stepping in a little closer, "as I told you, all you have to do is just stand there. I'll do it all. You won't have to do anything. And it's really no big deal, is it? Do you know how many of your fellow straights cruise the streets looking for men, only because gay sex is more easily available, is quicker, is more business-like, is unmarred by unwanted pregnancies?"

"I can't believe this is happening," Monty said. "There are thousands of them," Sean said, answering his own question. "There are hundreds whose wives are on the rag or whose wives are pregnant and can't put out in the sack. And hundreds whose wives are simply frigid. There are others who have girl friends they want to save for marriage, and those guys have to do something for their blue balls gotten during heavy petting; so, they drive down to the cruising areas in this city and pick up a guy."

Monty shook his head no. If he hadn't been afraid of looking even more ridiculous, he would have clamped his hands over his ears to shut out the sound of Sean's droning voice.

"Your cock is hard, Monty," Sean observed once again. He had successfully moved to within a couple of feet of where Monty was standing. "Why take that monster prick of yours home and beat it off when I've got something far better waiting to catch your cum right here?"

"I can't," Monty said, his head shaking. "I can't."

"Have you never had a woman suck you off?" Sean asked. "Have you never had a woman's ass? Hmmmmmmm? Guys are doing that all of the time nowadays, aren't they? Because times are changing. It all goes back to that old shit that men should fuck only for children. Only now, men are discovering that they can also fuck for pleasure. Fuck a woman's mouth for pleasure. Fuck a woman's ass for pleasure. And what happens when, in a few years, everyone suddenly realizes that it's really a very small step from fucking woman mouth and ass to fucking man mouth and ass? Think of all the years you will have missed out on just because you were stupid enough to wait around for the official revision of already archaic moral values."

"I can't... I can't... I can't," Monty insisted.

But Monty and Sean both noticed that Monty wasn't making any attempts to move, was he? He was actually rooted to the spot.

AND MONTY'S COCK WAS STILL HARD!

"You just stand there," Sean said, dropping slowly to his knees. "I'll do whatever has to be done."

Monty felt comparatively safe. What, after all, could Sean do? Sean was handcuffed, wasn't he? Sean had deprived himself of the use of his hands.

Sean leaned his face toward the bulge Monty's cock was making in Monty's pants. Monty, recognizing the maneuver, shifted his hips back to avoid contact but left his feet in place. Sean's face followed after Monty's swinging pelvis, finally succeeding in making the desired contact.

"No... oh, Jesus, no," Monty voiced lowly.

Why didn't he run, goddamn it? Why didn't he run? Did he actually consider himself safe just because there were a couple of thin layers of material separating his naked cock from Sean's mouth?

Sean, though, wasn't as defeated by the barrier existing between his mouth and Monty's groin as Monty might have imagined. When you were into the bondage-and-discipline scene, you were forever being confronted by situations wherein you didn't have the use of your hands to do those chores which would have normally been assigned to them. You, therefore, had to adapt. And Sean had more than once unfastened a crotch with his mouth and teeth. Actually, Monty's crotch was easier than some in that it had only a zipper. Buttons were more difficult in that they called for an extreme dexterity of lips and tongue.

Sean pressed his face tighter yet into Monty's groin, feeling the hard bulge just waiting for the pleasure Sean was prepared to give it. Sean slid his nose upward, moving aside the thin strip of material that overlapped the zipper. His teeth moved upward to claim the quickly discovered zipper tab. With practiced expertise, Sean's falling head drew open Monty's pants at the crotch.

Monty watched and felt the barrier falling, shocked into the realization that there was no way possible that Monty could deceive himself into believing that his cock was any longer safe from Sean's attack. Yet Monty's fear (and it *was* fear!) was balanced on the other side of the scale by the intense enjoyment Monty was experiencing as a direct result of Sean's actions at Monty's groin.

Because even though Sean hadn't actually touched naked flesh to naked flesh, there was still the sensuous rubbing of Sean's face against the pants material concealing Monty's hard cock.

As a matter of fact, Monty's pleasure was so intense that he found himself momentarily being swayed by those arguments Sean had put forth to get them this far.

What was the harm being done here? Men were now fucking women's face and asses. Monty had fucked a few himself How could that be so much different from this that was happening now?

Monty's pants were unzipped. Sean was encouraged by the fact that Monty had allowed it. Maybe—just maybe—the stud had seen the ridiculousness of holding out. One blow-job didn't make anyone less a man unless it caused the deterioration of one's own personal sense of worth. And Sean though that Monty, in the end, would be able to see where someone sucking his cock hadn't converted him suddenly into a fairy, any more than Sean's countless sucks and fucks had made him stand out as a visible faggot in any crowd.

Getting Monty's pants unzipped was accomplished far easier than was Sean's freeing of Monty's cock from its confinement. In fact, Monty's cock was swollen to such an enlarged state that had Monty been wearing tight pants his cock would have been irretrievably trapped between Monty's left thigh and the young man's pants leg. Luckily, the pants were relatively loose in the legs; and, Monty was wearing loose boxer shorts in the bargain.

Sean, therefore, nosed for the crotch of the shorts and burrowed his face in between the breach, hooking his chin on the lower edge.

"Oh, Jesus, nooooo!" Monty moaned as Sean's bare face met with the hair on Monty's belly.

But Sean had come too far now to stop. *Did Monty realize that?*

Sean lowered his face, his chin pressing Monty's shorts to a lower level in order to reveal the lower extremities of Monty's fat cock: Monty's prick being in a downward-pointing position that shot the hard- on along Monty's left thigh.

Sean's mouth located the lower tubing of Monty's cock. Sean opened his mouth around the cock base, his teeth sinking in firmly (but not painfully) against the rubbery mass. Sean sucked, forming a suction behind his pursed lips which he had folded along Monty's prick side. He pulled his head upward.

"Oh, my God... my God," Monty moaned, unable to believe that it was pleasure that was what he was experiencing from this horrible obscenity.

Monty's cock almost slipped out to freedom before Sean lost it. But Sean, determined as ever, tried again to bring the massive

tubing out into the light where he could more easily get to it. But, again he lost it.

By the time Sean's lips and teeth were anchored in place for the fifth attempt, Monty knew that he had somehow committed himself to this undertaking. Whether he ended up being sorry for what he was doing or not, there was nothing he could now do but carry it on to its finish.

Monty dropped his right hand to his crotch, in between Sean's sweaty face and Monty's sweaty belly. He hooked his fingers around the bowed trunk of his prick and gave a pull. His cock sprung free, whipping out with such force that it left behind it a streamer of preseminal juice that caught on Monty's belly hair and ran the length of Sean's left cheek.

Sean knew victory was his the minute Monty had allowed himself to become other than a purely passive participant. Sean, also, suspected that Monty had been ripe for this seduction for years. Sean just thanked his lucky stars that some other gay hadn't beaten him to the punch.

Monty was trembling with the magnitude of what he had just done. *He had freed his prick. He had made it vulnerable to Sean's oral attack, where—at the rate Sean had been going—Sean might have never successfully gotten Monty's cock free of Monty's pants on his own.*

WHAT IN THE FUCK HAD MONTY DONE!

Having anticipated the fact that Monty might yet get a resurgence of guilt about what he was doing, and pull away as a result, Sean moved quickly to take advantage while he still had the opportunity to do so.

Taking only a fraction of a second to admire the huge cock that Monty had put at Sean's disposal, Sean moved in on it. Sean opened his mouth and clamped it shut over Monty's pulpy cock corona. He, then, immediately began to drop his head deeper yet over Monty's upjutting phallic shaft.

"Ohhhhhhhh... nooooooooo!" Monty groaned, his body spasming with those jolts of pleasure which were the direct result of Sean's continued efforts to swallow Monty's cock.

Monty shut his eyes. *Did he actually think that by not seeing what was happening that he would eliminate the pleasure/horror of it?*

Sean's mouth yawned wider and wider as it dropped closer and closer to Monty's cock roots.

The rubbery head of Monty's cock had deflected off Sean's bony palate and had slid into the depths of Sean's throat. Behind it, it left a trail of pre-seminal juices that leaked from Monty's pouting cock mouth.

"Agh... agh... agh," Monty chanted, as Sean's face dropped deeper. Monty was shivering with the sensuous feel of the wet-warm cocoon swallowing up his penis.

Monty could still pull away. It would be so simple to do so. How could Sean stop him? It wasn't as if Sean had arms to hold on. Sean's hands were handcuffed behind his back. And did the fact that Sean was handcuffed have anything whatsoever to do with Monty's continually swelling pleasures?

"Mmmmmmmm!" Sean groaned over the mouthful of cock he had already swallowed. Then, his throat still vibrating with the sounds, he sucked up the very last of Monty's stiff meatiness. Sean's nose plunged within the curling pubic hair on Monty's lower belly. Sean's chin pressed tightly into Monty's pants crotch and into Monty's cum-bulged nuts still hidden behind the material.

Sean pulled his head upward, his firm lips dragging the loose outer flesh of Monty's cock up along harder cock core. Sean's eyes, looking down over the emerging cock, saw Monty's spit-drenched inches gliding free.

As soon as Sean felt the coronal flare enlodged against the back of his lips, he dropped his head again: all of the way back down to Monty's knotted cock roots. Sean's cheeks went hollow with his suction, his tongue licking wherever his mouth went.

Monty's hands, during another sunburst of pleasure inside of Monty's guts, went to Sean's head. Monty's fingers entwined amid the red strands thriving on Sean's scalp.

"Agggggghhhhrrrrrr!" Monty growled animalistically, his hips automatically beginning responsive fucking motions.

Sean knew he had won. If Monty hadn't pulled his cock free by now, it seemed hardly likely that he would soon be doing so. Because Sean knew he was good at what he was doing; and if Monty was fucking mouth for the very first time, Monty was bound to be enjoying the experience.

Sean corkscrewed his throat around the bulk of Monty's hard cock, his lips ovaling once again about Monty's thick cock base.

Sean held there while Monty's pelvis intuitively ground forward into Sean's face.

When Sean's head began a fast bouncing cadence over Monty's cock, Monty's hips were fast to take up a complementary swing.

Monty felt his orgasm building fast inside of him. At first, he tried to combat its rise, thinking that he could still, somehow, successfully rationalize his having done this if—IF—he just didn't feed his load into Sean's sucking mouth.

But as Monty's efforts to control became less and less successful, Monty decided that there could only be a very minor difference between a man who fucked mouth without orgasm and one who fucked mouth but *did* ejaculate. And, in the end, the difference was probably so infinitesimal that Monty decided there was little point in bothering to make it.

So, Monty surrendered to the forces spiraling inside of him, wondering if he should be thanking Sean for the pleasure or cursing him for it. Either way, the pleasure *was* there, becoming more and more intense by the moment.

"Oh... you... sucking... sonofabitch'n... fag!" Monty accused suddenly, punctuating with a series of low, guttural groans.

Monty used his handholds on Sean's head to push Sean's mouth once more to the burgeoned roots of Monty's prick. Monty held Sean's face there, Monty's hips swinging forward to grind... grind ... grind... his lower belly into Sean's nose, lips, and chin.

"Bastard... bastard... bastard!" Monty grunted.

And in a viscous washing of wet-warm sperm Monty's balls blew their wads. Sean's mouth and throat collapsed around the total length of Monty's cum-spewing prick. *

Sean's throat filled with Monty's copious flooding of male cream. There was so much liquid (my God how long had the stud been saving up his load) Sean's gag-reflex was unable to sufficiently clear away the deluge. Sticky cum flowed back along Monty's plugging cock and drooled out around Monty's cock base and Sean's pursed lips. The room was alive with the sounds.

CHAPTER 10

Danner Myles said it was very important or Monty wouldn't have stayed. God knew, Monty had every reason *not* to stay. He had a lunch box full of his latest exposed microfilm which would be doing nobody any good if he didn't get it into the right hands. Just having the shit on him made Monty ill-at-ease. If discovered by the wrong people, it could spell very bad news for Monty. The shit going down at Russel Packing was just too lucrative to let one reporter fuck up the works.

But not having waited around could only have made Monty look even more suspicious; so, he had decided to stay. He hadn't used the perfectly valid excuse that he was scheduled to meet that evening with Sean Bjorn. He didn't use it, because he knew that Danner's son knew Sean intimately; and, that meant that Danner probably knew Sean, too. And if Danner knew Sean, he also probably knew that Sean was gay. Monty didn't want either Danner or Teddy to even suspect that Monty had finally experimented in gay sex—especially after Monty's initial meeting with Teddy in the rest room. This assignment was difficult enough without having the extra hazard of Teddy becoming any more anxious to slap the make on Monty than he already was. Monty had made Sean promise not to mention Sean and Monty's sex to Bryan for the very reason that it might have gotten back to Bryan's father and to Teddy James.

After having gotten word that Danner had scheduled a meeting for that evening, Monty had had all intentions of calling Sean and telling him that he would be a little later than usual. But during the course of the afternoon, every time Monty looked up he seemed to see either Danner or Teddy somewhere close by. And Monty rushing

to the telephone could have been interpreted by his paranoid partners as suspicious action on Monty's part.

Or, maybe it was Monty who was being overly paranoid!

Anyway, Monty didn't call, assuming that he wouldn't end up being all that late; and, Sean would certainly hang around his apartment until Monty did arrive.

Just before the plant closed for the evening, Monty did manage to find a moment of privacy to make sure he was still wired for sound. He had a small tape recorder in his front pants pocket, connected to a small microphone that was attached to the inside of Monty's shirt. Monty had already gotten enough taped conversation and exposed microfilm to put Danner Myles and Teddy James away for a long time. All Monty was waiting for was the opportunity to sit down and compile all he did have into a comprehensive news expose with appropriate by-line.

Actually, Monty wondered if he hadn't been spending a little too much time lately with Sean Bjorn, when he should have been working up his story. There had simply been something about that first blow-job given Monty by Sean which had brought Monty back for more and more. While Sean kept trying to convince Monty to get a bit more adventuresome, Monty had so far resisted. Fucking Sean's ass was getting more and more tempting by the day; but, Monty hadn't succumbed to that temptation yet. Maybe because he wondered where Sean would want to lead him after that. To the fucking of Monty's ass? To Monty's sucking of Sean's cock? Monty was ready for neither of the latter. He still felt guilty enough as it was for having allowed himself to come as far as he had.

Having verified that his recorder was in working condition, Monty mingled back into the work force. The loud buzzer signaling the end of the work day soon sounded; and, Monty watched everyone busy cleaning up their areas in preparation for heading home.

Monty didn't know why, but he wished to hell he was heading home, too. Maybe he was a little uneasy because he had had the unavoidable feeling all day that he was being watched. Oh, his being watched wasn't unusual. As a matter of fact, it was only normal, since everyone would obviously be keeping an eye on the newest—and possibly the weakest—link in the chain of corruption.

Still, there was being watched; and, then there was *being watched.* And Monty couldn't help wondering if he wasn't getting

just a bit more attention paid to him lately than he had in the beginning.

Yet, he couldn't think of anything he had done to increase suspicions. He was always damn careful before snapping pictures and was almost positive that no one had seen him when he had done so. His recording sessions had come off without apparent hitch. If anyone had been suspicious at the time, they would have stopped him, wouldn't they?

"Head on down to Cooler Seven," someone hissed in Monty's ear. And since Monty hadn't even been aware that anyone was standing there, he had jumped several inches as a result of the suddenly delivered message. Monty turned to face a smiling Teddy James.

"You got a guilty conscience, or are you naturally that high-strung?" Teddy asked, seemingly amused.

Did Teddy look somehow different than he usually did? Hell, no, he didn't! What was Monty trying to do besides make a mountain out of a molehill?

"Cooler Seven?" Monty asked, giving Teddy's previously facetious remark no apparent notice. Cooler Seven had broken down a couple of days before and was in the process of repair.

"Yea, the work crew clears out of there on the double, and it's a good place to stay out of the way until the rest of the building empties."

"What's this meeting all about?" Monty asked. He was hoping against hope that Teddy could either swell or alleviate Monty's sudden fears. Monty should have known better.

"Beats me," Teddy said with a shrug. "Maybe we've got a new customer and have to revise our present schedule. Westburger, you know, really liked the job we did for them."

A new customer was, of course, possible. Actually, it was even probable. Rather than screw around with clandestine meetings on the outside, why not hold them right here at the plant? In the long run, it was probably a hell of a lot safer—from the criminal standpoint—in that Russel Packing was so goddamn full of people on the take that there was less chance of a leak from these premises than from elsewhere.

"Come on, I'll give you some company on the way down," Teddy said, falling into step beside Monty.

Monty had been a little uneasy around Teddy ever since the butch bastard's tongue had done its rim job on the glory hole in the

second-floor rest room. The only thing that kept Monty from suspecting that Teddy still might have active designs on Monty's body was the fact that Monty had since come to suspect that Teddy and Danner were... a pair. Didn't that mean that they fucked and sucked each other exclusively? Or, did it? Monty had been going to ask Sean, but he hadn't yet gotten up the nerve. Monty did remember that Danner hadn't seemed all that disturbed to have found out that his lover had been making overtures to Monty through a toilet stall glory hole. So...

Monty didn't really know why he should be so uneasy at the prospect of being again propositioned for sex by Teddy. After all, it was no big thing any longer, was it? If Monty could push his cock to his balls up Sean's wet mouth, then why not do the same to Teddy's sucking maw?

Although Monty was a little loathe to admit it, his reticence probably revolved around the fact that he found Teddy a hell of a lot more attractive than he found Sean Bjorn. Therefore, any kind of involvment with Teddy could have held out complications that Monty sure as hell figured he wasn't yet ready for. Because if Monty could get turned on by Sean—someone who was only a six in his rating system—then what would happen if he were mated up with an eight? And Monty did figure Teddy was a solid eight, there being something about Teddy's exceptionally butch good looks that made Monty rate him above even the younger Bryan Myles.

The two men headed down the hallway. There were very few people in sight. It was surprising how fast the place could empty when the buzzer once sounded. Most of those in administrative positions were already out in the parking lot, getting into their cars. The men who worked on the butchering lines were naked in steam filled shower rooms, washing off the stench and the blood of slaughtered animals.

Since Cooler Seven was inoperative, and since the repair crew had been the first of a long stream of employees to leave the building, the surrounding area was completely deserted by the time Monty and Teddy got there.

Teddy paused by the large steel door that gave access to the cooler. He jerked down on the latch and gave a pull. The door swung open with surprising ease, considering its apparent large size and weight.

"Teddy?"

"Yea," Teddy answered Danner's query. "And I picked up Mr. Darnel on the way in."

Teddy motioned Monty inside; and, Monty went forward, at the same time entertaining a strange premonition that there was something not quite right about any of this.

The inside of the freezer was cavernous, looking even more immense now that a cooling malfunction had made it necessary to remove all of the huge sides of beef which were usually hung there. All that now remained were row after row of large meat hooks suspended on slideways attached to the ceiling. The naked hooks, hanging at a little above head-level, looked obscenely menacing. Monty couldn't help shivering slightly at the sight of them.

Danner Myles was leaning against the wall just inside of the door, his arms crossed over his chest. He didn't move from his position when Monty entered. Nor did he shift when Teddy followed Monty in and closed the freezer door shut behind them.

"Is there some kind of trouble?" Monty asked. He couldn't help asking, since the very air around him seemed permeated with trouble.

"I hope not," Danner said. "For all of our sakes, but especially for your sake."

"Yea, especially for your sake," Teddy echoed. He was positioned with his back against the closed door. He looked natural enough; but, Monty somehow suspected that the man was where he was to keep Monty right where Monty was.

Monty got a shiver of genuinely recognizable fear. His mind began a hurried run-through of all his recent clandestine activities, trying to decide which—if any—had given him away.

"I don't understand," Monty said. Maybe someone had seen him lift the Steak House stamp the other day. Every buyer that came to Russel Packing had their own stamp. They came into the lockers, looked over the sides of hung beef, and stamped their mark on the meat they were buying. That way, they thought they were assuring themselves the best of the lot. Problem was, there were counterfeit stamps all over the fucking place; and, as soon as a buyer left, their marks were stamped on inferior meat, while the under-the-table customers like Westburger could count on getting the meat originally selected for purchase by the buyer for the Steak House chain. Sometimes, with the careful slicing off of the identifying stamp marks, the same really good side of beef was sold over and

over again to various unsuspecting buyers, none of whom ever did end up with that pre-selected meat in their final shipped order.

"Funny, but I thought you would be the most likely of us all to understand," Teddy said. "Considering..." He let the sentence hang.

"You want me to start making wild guesses?" Monty asked, wishing he had had enough sense to follow his intuition and avoid this confrontation.

"My son searched your apartment this afternoon, Mr. Darnel," Danner said.

"He what?" Monty asked indignantly, feeling the sudden sinking of his guts to the pit of his nauseous belly.

"Searched your apartment," Danner repeated, seeming surprisingly calm. But then, why shouldn't he be calm? There was little chance that Monty was going anywhere, was there? "Bryan called to say that he had come across some interesting photos and tapes, cached away in an old shoe box in the very back of your closet—of all places."

Monty's eyes, like those of a caged animal, flitted around the room, looking for some avenue of escape. He couldn't find any. Nor could he find any kind of a weapon which might possibly help him hold off these two bastards until help arrived.

Help? Was Monty actually expecting help? From where and from whom, for Christ's sake? Monty had just reported to his paper last night that everything was going fine. Monty made only infrequent check-ins with his employer, because he hadn't wanted to take the risk of anyone discovering the connection between a government meat inspector and a newspaper. Monty's editor wasn't expecting to hear further word from Monty for at least a couple more days.

There wasn't even a partner on this particular assignment. Monty had done it all on his own. His uncle *had* pulled a few strings to get Monty approved, trained, and placed on at Russel Packing. But Monty's uncle hadn't known—or hadn't wanted to know—Monty's *real* reasons for wanting the position. Clemuel Darnel had almost died of shock when he had found out the risks Monty had taken to get the info on a heroin smuggling story Monty had written a few years back. Uncle and nephew hadn't spoken to each other more than twice since Monty had started his job.

What about Sean? Now, there was the flimsiest chance of rescue around. Jesus, but Monty was really grabbing at straws, wasn't he? How could Sean possibly be expected to give succor? There was no

possible way Sean could even know Monty was in danger. Granted, Sean had been almost overly curious of late about Monty's work; but, Monty had never let slip that he was an undercover reporter, had he? No chance of Sean putting two and two together. No... fucking... chance... at... all!

Sean would merely spend the night waiting for Monty to show; and, when Monty didn't show up, Sean would probably just think that Monty had once again gotten cold feet and had decided to abort the relationship before it could develop into anything further. Monty had always been threatening to stop seeing Sean, beginning with that very first time Sean had dropped to his knees and sucked Monty's cum-spewing balls dry.

"There's been some kind of mistake!" Monty said, wondering if he sounded as nervous as he felt.

"Could be," Danner admitted with a shrug, his voice betraying the fact that he really doubted there had been a mistake at all. "If there has been, it will soon be cleared up. I told Bryan to bring the pictures by so we could all take a look at them."

Monty felt the sweat, spawned by fear, begin to ooze from his pores.

CHAPTER 11

"You want to inspect a piece of grade-A, prime beef, take a look at this," Danner Myles said, hoisting his huge cock out of his pants and standing so that Monty could see each and every vein-latticed inch of the prick.

Monty experienced a sudden, violent constriction in his throat that quickly traveled all of the way down to his ass hole—that same ass hole Danner had just threatened to fuck.

Monty had his wrists tied, raised above his head so that the binding rope was dropped securely over one of the large meat hooks suspended from the ceiling. Monty's toes only barely touched the floor, so there was no possible way he could achieve the leverage needed to free himself from his exceedingly vulnerable position. And it seemed highly likely that there was any help destined to arrive on his behalf from the three men who had put him into that position to begin with.

As far as Danner, Teddy, and Bryan were concerned, the man hung in front of them was on their shit list. And while they hadn't decided what they were ultimately going to do with the traitor they had found amongst them (Teddy had actually suggested stuffing Monty into the hamburger-making machine on G-level), they all seemed in unanimous accord as to what immediate plans they had in the offing.

"I've wanted to stuff my cock up that bastard's rectum from the first moment I set eyes on him," Teddy had said, as soon as they had had Monty hung from the meat hook.

"Oh, yea?" Danner had said, unable to keep a bit of jealousy down in spite of all his efforts to do so. Danner didn't know when

he had seen Teddy quite so hot over anyone else's body besides Danner's. "Well, the way I figure it, I'm taking first go at him."

"Which means, no matter how you look at, I'm due for sloppy thirds, yes?" Bryan asked.

The shit had hit the fan a few minutes earlier with Bryan's arrival. The kid had brought enough of Monty's files and notes to leave little doubt but that Monty had joined up with these men for other reasons besides sharing in the clandestine profits.

Monty had tried to talk his way out of it, claiming a frame. But how in the hell could it be a frame when Monty's handwriting was scrawled across the backs of several pictures and written in the margins of the typewritten rough drafts?

After talking had so quickly failed to get him anywhere, Monty had next risked an attempt at overcoming odds even he had seen as hopelessly stacked against him. He had, in other words, made a break for it. Teddy and Danner had hit him with the force of a goddamn ten-ton truck, stepping away finally to leave Monty in a painful lump on the concrete floor. Bryan had gone for the rope, given directions by his father as to where he could find it. And Monty had ended up being strung up like the sides of beef that usually filled this cooler to capacity.

"Kind of ironic, isn't it, Monty?" Bryan said, running his right hand up Monty's right leg en route to the bulge being made by Monty's cock. "You got so upset in the bar that day when you found out that I tied Sean Bjorn to a bed, beat his ass and fucked him. Yet here you are, hung from a meat hook, about to get *your* ass fucked."

"I say we might as well beat his ass, too," Teddy said, already in the process of unbuckling his belt. "What do you both say to that idea?"

"An ass-warming never hurt anybody," Danner replied, his cock still hard and jutting out of his pants. "And if anyone ever deserved a black-and-blue ass, it's this shit-ass motherfuck'n reporter."

Teddy slipped his belt out of his pants loops, hooking the belt tongue back through the buckle and putting his right hand in through the resulting loop.

"You bastards aren't going to get away with this," Monty warned. But nobody seemed to be paying much attention, especially Teddy.

"I think he might get a better feel for this whipping if his pants were down, don't you Bryan?" Teddy asked. "Besides, we're going

to have to drop his trousers eventually, aren't we? I know we can all get mighty hard pricks at times, but I've yet to see any of us poking our way through a pair of pants, either."

"Yea, let's take a look at this big prick Teddy has been raving on about," Danner said, his right hand stroking his cock to produce a flowing of clear pre-seminal juices from Danner's pouting cock mouth.

Bryan, curious because of his father's statement, glanced quizzically at Teddy. Teddy grinned back, looking somewhat sheepish.

"I just happened to catch a glimpse of our reporter's prick through a convenient hole in a toilet stall," Teddy confessed. "I tried to persuade him to feed his cock through the hole to my hot mouth, but he had second thoughts, pulling up his pants, and running like sixty."

"Doesn't look as if he's up to much running this time, does it?" Bryan said and smiled. His hand passed all the way up to Monty's bulged cock. He gave the phallic lump a forceful squeeze.

"Goddamn it, you queer bastards, let me down!" Monty responded automatically. All of his jiggling, though, only achieved a more vigorous massage of Bryan's hand against Monty's now-swelling cock.

AND SHIT IF MONTY'S COCK WASN'T SWELLING! HOW IN THE HELL COULD THAT BE? HOW... IN... THE... HELL...

"You know what's happening here at Monty's crotch?" Bryan asked. And Monty knew what was coming. Hell, yes, he knew. And he was embarrassed as all holy hell; because, *it should NOT have been happening.* "The bastard's cock is going hard."

"It went hard in that toilet stall, too," Teddy said, testing his belt by dragging it almost sensuously over his own right leg. "It went *nice and hard.* You think maybe our straight friend here is just putting on some kind of little act when he pretends he doesn't really want to get it on with us boys?"

"Well, get the bastard's pants dropped," Danner said, "and let's get this show on the road. I don't know about your cocks, but mine has been ready to go for quite some time now."

"Yea, well take a look at this one," Teddy said, lowering his left hand to his crotch, his fingers pressing to more thoroughly outline his prick gone stiff behind his pants fly.

"Looks like it's off with your pants, Monty, old boy," Bryan said. His fingers left Monty's groin to begin an expert unfastening of the buttons that held Monty's pants closed over the stiff prick.

"You goddamn fucking perverts!" Monty screamed; and, he made a kick in Bryan's direction.

Bryan, however, had anticipated just such a move on Monty's part, and Bryan expertly avoided the kick making any contact. At the same time, both Danner and Teddy were quick to take action, each grabbing hold of Monty's legs, lest the young man succeed in doing any damage with his flailing.

While his right hand continued undoing Monty's pants crotch, Bryan's left hand moved to the growing bulge being made by Monty's fattening prick.

"Don't touch me, you shit!" Monty protested, all of his struggling going to no avail. And Bryan's steady massage of Monty's prick though Monty's pants was only making Monty's penis swell harder, faster.

Monty's pants came unfastened, his trouser fly peeling open to reveal his white, cock-bulged undershorts.

Bryan grabbed hold of Monty's pants and underpants and gave a steady downward pull that let the combined material slip down around Monty's hips and ass.

Monty continued to struggle, in spite of the fact that his efforts only aided Bryan's attempts to drop Monty's pants further.

It wasn't long before the wire connecting the tape recorder microphone to the machine in Monty's pocket was located.

"Now, what kind of pervert plaything do we have here?" Bryan asked, slipping the recorder free of its resting and jerking its microphone attachment free of Monty's shirt. "Is Monty all anxious to record his own rape?"

"Kinky sonofabitch, isn't he?" Danner said.

Keeping one arm wrapped around Monty's lower body, Danner took the recorder from his son. He purposely let the miniature machine slip to the floor where it shattered on the cement. "Ooops!" Danner said in mock indication that it had been an accident.

"I've got plenty of other tapes of more damaging conversations," Monty said, wondering if such threats could possibly make his situation any better, or if they would only make things worse.

"And I have no doubts but that we're going to find them *all* once we give your apartment a thorough once-over, aren't we?" Danner said.

"You think I keep all the shit I've gathered in my apartment?" Monty asked, thinking that—if nothing else—he might be able to bluff his way out of this. "Hell, no! My editor has got copies of everything."

"Think he's bullshitting us?" Teddy asked, turning a nervous expression on Danner.

"If he's not, our goose is cooked no matter what we do," Danner said. "So, we might as well go out with a bang, don't you say?"

"Gang-bang, you mean, don't you?" Bryan corrected with a smile. He gave a hearty tug that brought Monty's pants down so far that both Monty's cock and muscled ass were completely freed for the viewing.

"Would you take a look at this guy's monster prick!" Teddy exclaimed in obvious appreciation of the swollen bulk Monty's cock made. "I'll bet his cock is a good ten inches if it's an inch."

"Besides, I don't think our friend here would have scattered his evidence far and wide," Danner said, his comment referring back to the conversation prior to unveiling of Monty's blood-engorged penis. "He needed all of that shit within easy reach when he wrote his story. And the rough draft of the article Bryan brought from Monty's apartment would seem to indicate that Monty here wasn't doing his work at the office but at home."

"You're wrong!" Monty lied. "And it's not going to be too long before you find out *how* wrong."

"Well, Mr. Darnel," Danner said, keeping hold of Monty's leg while he untied Monty's shoe with his free hand, "it's not going to be too long before *you* realize how wrong *you* were for sticking your nose in where it sure as hell doesn't belong."

Teddy unfastened Monty's other shoe and took it off. Once Monty's shoes had been removed, Danner and Teddy gave the final pull on Monty's pants legs which completely stripped Monty's lower body.

"Nice!" Bryan observed. He took hold of Monty's shirt and ripped it open along the front, popping off all of the buttons as he did so. "Very... very... very... nice!"

All three men stepped back, but not before Bryan had ripped Monty's shirt down its back to reveal segments of Monty's muscled

shoulders.

Monty's whole body jerked when the unexpected first blow of Teddy's belt connected with Monty's buttocks. In reality, it wasn't so much the actual pain resulting from the blow (and, *yes,* there *was* pain, too) that caused the fear suddenly to go wild inside of Monty's body, as it was the loud noise made by the sudden contact of leather against flesh. The sound was reminiscent of lightning striking a tree in a forest.

The blow also sent Monty's body into a swinging motion. As Monty swung, so did his balls. The latter were so large and cum-filled that they could be readily discerned within the blond-haired scrotum that contained them.

"You bastards will never get away with this!" Monty said, trying to recover from the shock and the sting of the blow. He was simultaneously aware of an additional ache in his shoulders caused by the way his arms were kept hoisted above his head.

"No? And, who's going to stop us?" Danner asked.

"My newspaper for one," Monty answered. "The authorities for... aggghhhhrrrreeiiiiii!"

Teddy had delivered another belt stroke. The previous whip mark had already caused a dull pink welting to rise in a strip that covered both of Monty's ass cheeks. Teddy's belt had no sooner dropped free after its second attack than another red swath of violated skin emerged to join with the first.

"Goddamn it, don't!" Monty yelled, wishing that his shouting would somehow reach the hearing ears of someone on the outside. At the same time, Monty couldn't help realizing that the thick walls and thick door of the cooler made it virtually soundproof.

There was going to be no one hearing Monty's protests except the small band here in this enclosure with him. And Monty wasn't all that sure that his screaming was doing anything more than increasing these bastards' perverted enjoyment. However, whether that was the case or not, Monty felt obligated to continue with his verbal protests. After all, what other kind of protest did he have remaining to him?

Teddy wielded the belt again. The belt tip this time dug into Monty's hip with an exceptionally pain-producing bite.

"Goddamn it, that fucking hurts!" Monty said, following up his initial groan which had punctuated the latest contact of the leather against Monty's buttocks.

"It's supposed to hurt, you fucker!" Danner informed. "You've been a naughty sonofabitch, haven't you?"

"Haven't you?" Teddy persisted, again laying the length of his belt across the trembling muscles of Monty's ass cheeks.

"Eeeeiiiii... you sadistic... Jesus-fucking... bastards!" Monty swore between gritted teeth. The whipping had caused a dull ache that was oozing into his ass cheeks on a flooding of hot flame.

"Come on, Monty," Bryan cajoled, "don't try and fool us by putting up such a goddamn big fuss. You know you like getting your ass beaten, don't you?"

Like? Like? How could anyone in their right mind enjoy getting whipped? If Bryan—or either of these other two shits—thought Monty was enjoying ANY of this, they had another think coming. There was simply no way...

"Eeeeeiiiii!" Monty squealed again; although, he had told himself that he wasn't going to. His mental determination not to give verbal indication of his pain, however, had somehow caused an automatic tightening of his ass muscles. This tightening had made the latest blow far more painful than it would have been had Monty's ass muscles remained in their far more relaxed state.

"You know how we know you like the little ass-warming Teddy is giving you?" Bryan asked. He moved in closer to Monty, being careful to watch out for any kicks Monty might suddenly decide to deliver. "This tells us!"

And Bryan reached out and took a firm hold of Monty's stiff cock.

"Damn it! Damn it!" Monty bellowed, his forceful jerks doing no more than almost yanking his swollen cock out by its roots.

"It's hard, Monty, boy," Bryan told him. "It's hard... hard... ever so hard."

And Bryan's still-fisted fingers gave an upstroke along the total length of Monty's prick, causing a stream of sticky juices to bubble free of Monty's slicking cock mouth.

At the same time Monty's guts were trembling with the sudden movement of Bryan's hand on Monty's cock, Monty's ass cheeks were once again being assaulted by the biting of Teddy's belt.

Why was his cock hard? Why was it mocking Monty's verbal protests? What in the hell was wrong with him that he could appear sexually stimulated in the face of this grotesquely obscene ravagement of his body?

Danner stood back and watched, languidly masturbating his own cock as he did so. Each of the upward slides of his hand along his cock caused a new oozing of pre-cum lubricant. Each downward glide of his fingers caused that oozing natural lubricant to be smeared along Danner's penis.

Finally, Danner moved, walking around behind Monty, watching Monty's ass cheeks dimple seductively and collapse inward along their shared crack each time Teddy wielded the belt.

"Oh, shit... shit... shit," Monty chanted. His buttocks had gone completely numb except for the tingling warmth that somehow remained. There was another warmth over his cock as Bryan's fist moved into a faster and faster masturbatory cadence.

"Why aren't you going soft, stud?" Teddy asked, making his belt once again hit Monty's buttocks with a loud crack. "If you don't like what's happening, why isn't that old cock of yours going as limp as a wet noodle?"

And didn't Monty only wish he knew that answer? Shit, yes, he wished he knew! Because, as it stood, he was at a loss himself, riddled with the guilt of knowing that it was highly unlikely that any normal man, threatened with homosexual rape, his ass beaten to numbness, would have maintained a raging hard-on through it all.

"Oh, my God... my God!" Monty mumbled, letting his chin fall forward into the cupping offered by his jugular notch. He shut his eyes, hoping to shut out the horror by covering it with darkness.

But the darkness didn't remove the fact that Monty was presently experiencing something other than *just* the pain. There *was* something at work inside of him, something strange and mysterious, which was keeping Monty's cock at erection. And what the fuck was that certain, strange and mysterious something? Even the mere suspicion that it might be some form of pleasure derived from this lurid perversion was enough to fill Monty with even a greater sense of terror.

THERE COULD BE NO PLEASURE! NOT FROM THIS DEGRADING EXPERIENCE! CERTAINLY NOT FROM THIS OBSCENITY BEING PERFORMED ON HIS UNWILLING BODY! TO EVEN HINT THERE MIGHT BE WAS A PERVERSION BEYOND DESCRIPTION!

Teddy swung the belt to one more meeting of leather and ass flesh.

"Ugh!" Monty grunted in loud response, surprised that his ass cheeks had become so anesthetized by the previous beating that he

was now feeling less pain than he had at the outset.

"Okay, Teddy," Danner said, moving in close behind Monty where he could get a better look at Monty's ass which was now a complete shade of deep red where whip welts had blended to form an indistinguishable whole. "I think that's enough assbeating for now. We wouldn't want our friend here to lose his erection, now would we?"

Danner reached out both of his hands, clamping one to each of Monty's belt-ravaged ass cheeks. Roughly, he forced Monty's ass buns open along their crease, revealing the blond hair that lined the anal valley, revealing also the small wrinkled pucker of Monty's ass hole.

Danner squatted on his haunches, quickly bringing his head in close to Monty's ass. Danner's nose jabbed Monty's ass hole; and Monty, thinking for sure that was hard male cock at his rectum, jerked wildly on the meat hook and begged for mercy.

"Pleeez... nooooo! Pleeeeez... noooo... pleeee- eeeez!" Monty pleaded. But he had been right in his earlier assumption that his verbal protestations only made his rapists hornier and more excited.

Hearing Monty's squeals for mercy, Danner only moved his nose further up the crease, bringing his mouth to where his nose had just been. Danner stuck out his tongue and licked Monty's ass hole; and, where Danner had previously smelled the heady fragrance of his victim's anus, Danner now tasted the rich, nutty flavors that clung to the edges of Monty's ass crease.

"Oh, Christ, don't... do... this!" Monty continued to plead. The fact that he had suddenly realized it wasn't yet hard, male cock at his rectum in no way alleviated his horror. If anything, he was just as horrified by the fact that there was another man's tongue licking at his ass hair, making spitty the puckered entrance to his anus.

What kind of deviate was Danner that he could be doing such perverted things of his own accord? It was mind-boggling!

Danner rolled his tongue, excited by the way Monty's ass cheeks were clenching hard against the side of his face as Monty squirmed to escape the feel of Danner's eating.

Danner put the tip of his tongue to Monty's pucker and pushed it in past the guarding sphincter. The flavors were delicious as they flowed freely to cover Danner's taste buds. Danner ejected a mess of spit through the funnel of his rolled tongue, feeding it into

Monty's ass hole to prepare for the eventual penetration of Monty's ass hole by Danner's blood-gutted cock.

"Ohhhhh!" Monty groaned. Not only was there something disturbing about the sensations spawned by Danner's working tongue and nibbling lips, but there was also that additional sensation increasing in intensity as a direct result of the continued stroking of Bryan's hand up and back along the length of Monty's swollen cock.

Keeping Monty's buns propped open beneath the pressure of his feeding face and the holding fingers of his left hand, Danner let his right hand drop down between Monty's legs to take hold of Monty's balls.

Monty gave an additional jerk at this latest assault on him. His jerking made his balls mash together within Danner's gripping hand. The resulting ache in no way countered those other pleasurable sensations arising from Danner's tongue-fuck of Monty's ass and the jack-off of Monty's prick by Bryan's hand.

"No... no... pleeez... no," Monty groaned. His arms continued to pain with the strain brought to bear on them by Monty's hanging body.

Teddy had rethreaded his belt through his pants loops and now stood, leaning against one wall and watching all that was happening. Inside of his pants, Teddy's cock was hard as a steel pole; and, Teddy was tempted as all hell to pull his prick out into the open and start beating on it with his fingers. The only thing that kept him from doing so was the realization that he would possibly get carried away with his masturbation. And Teddy didn't want to waste his cum in his own hand.

Teddy just wished the fuck that Danner would hurry up and get down to the fucking. Teddy, after all, wasn't a superman who could wait forever before succumbing to his needs to get his rocks off.

As if sensing Teddy's unvoiced wishes, Danner released his hold on Monty's testicles and pulled his tongue free of Monty's ass hole.

Danner stood, spit into both hands and transferred that spit to his own turgid cock. That finished, he milked his prick for more juices with which to slick his prick in preparation for its fuck up Monty's ass.

As Danner was about six inches taller than Monty, the fact that Monty was hung slightly above the floor only allowed for a more perfect alignment of Monty's ass pucker and Danner's crotch.

Danner's right hand pushed his cock downward, his cock head gliding down through the crease of Monty's buttocks. Danner's pulpy cock crown came to a sudden stop right over Monty's ass pucker.

And Monty could now tell the difference between cock head and tongue. The cock head was bigger, harder, exerting more pressure as it pushed inward against his ass hole mouth instead of—like tongue—easily slithering in through the small opening.

"Teddy, why don't you come over here and help Bryan make sure that Monty doesn't go all flipfloppy," Danner said. "After all, a virgin ass hole, getting plugged for the very first time, is apt to make our boy here get all excited."

Teddy obliged, figuring it might get his own mind off his stiff prick if he did lend a hand. Teddy came over and took hold of Monty's legs, squatting down and clamping Monty's ankles together.

Bryan continued stroking Monty's cock, knowing that Monty was going to need all the pleasure he could get to counteract the pain that was liable to accompany the ride of Danner's raping cock up Monty's virgin ass hole. Although Bryan really didn't know why he should be taking Monty's feelings into consideration at all Monty, after all, was a goddamn shit, wasn't he? Monty was a fink who had gathered up enough information to put everyone in this room—except Monty—into the clink.

Danner nudged his pelvis forward, working the head of his prick even deeper into the mouth of Monty's pucker. Danner finally felt Monty's anal lips yawn open, felt the entrance of his cock head in through the doorway. The rubbery ring of Monty's ass flowed up along Monty's domed cock corona and slipped to a rubber-band tightness into that part of Monty's cock neck existing just below Monty's cock coronal flare.

"It's virgin ass all right, guys," Danner announced through gritted teeth, wondering how he was possibly going to get the rest of his turgid penis enlodged in Monty's tight little rectum. "Oh... God ... is... it... virgin."

"Pleeeeez!" Monty squealed, having finally found his voice. For a moment there, just when Danner's rubbery cock dome had slipped into place, Monty had tried to scream but hadn't been able to. All that he had managed was a dry, breathless gasp. "Pleee ... YOU... QUEER... SONOFABITCH... NOOOOO!"

Monty gave a sudden buck of his lower body that caught everyone unaware; so unaware that Danner was flabbergasted when his cock actually came free of Monty's ass and went sliding off along Monty's right ass cheek, leaving in its wake a snail-like path of clear, preseminal slime.

"Goddamn it, I said hold the bastard!" Danner exclaimed, suddenly realizing what had happened. "Am I going to have to call in a fucking army to give you two an assist?"

"If you would quit wasting so much fucking time, you would be jabbed in to your nuts by now instead of getting a pair of blue balls," Teddy accused. Teddy was wondering if Danner had decided to take his own sweet time because he knew how anxious Teddy was to get his sloppy seconds. Danner had always been a little jealous ever since he had found out that Teddy had gone to the point of begging for Monty's cock within that second-floor rest room.

"Anxious, are you?" Danner asked, his jealousy showing just a little.

"Damn right!" Teddy admitted. "So, maybe if you can't get started, you would like me to show you how it's done."

"I haven't found an ass yet—yours included—that I couldn't fuck," Danner said, more determined than ever to get his cock buried completely up Monty's rectum.

Danner guided his prick back to Monty's ass hole. With very little preliminary, he popped his cock head back into Monty's bowel.

"Oh, Jessssus!" Monty hissed. If he thought he had been saved by his earlier success, he now saw how flimsy that hope was. There was no way Monty was going to be able to stop this, was there? No... way... at... all!

His cock head once again firmly screwed up Monty's rectum, Danner put one of his hands to each of Monty's hipbones. Holding for balance, he prepared to feed Monty's virgin ass even more raping prick.

"Oh, no... oh, no... God, oh, no," Monty moaned, knowing, sensing, intuitively feeling that his moment of ultimate humiliation was about to begin.

Why? WHY? FOR CHRISTS SAKE, WHY?... WHY?... WHY?

Danner gave a rabbity buck forward. His cock sunk two more of its inches up Monty's rectum. He followed with another buck that added yet two more inches.

"Ugh... ugh!" Monty grunted. His mouth moved, trying to form words that wouldn't come. All Monty could get out were undecipherable grunts and groans.

"Relax, and it's going to be a hell of a lot easier for you," Danner said, speaking between clenched teeth. His cock felt mashed by the pressure being exerted by Monty's collapsing bowel.

Relax? Relax? How in the fuck was Monty supposed to relax when there was a hard male cock being forcefully rammed up his virgin ass hole?

Another forward thrust placed two more inches through Monty's ovaled ass mouth. That was six inches of cock neck and one inch of cock glans: total of seven inches. There were only two more inches to go. And Danner, with one final swing of his hips, put his cock into Monty's rectum with a force that smacked Danner's lower belly hard against Monty's bruised ass buns.

Danner ground his pelvis into Monty's buttocks, luxuriating in the pleasure derived from powerful virgin ass muscles clamping down on Danner's inserted sexual sausage.

"Ooooooooeeeeeeiiiiiiii!" Monty moaned, feeling trembles of pain (oh, yes, it *was* pain!) rumbling through his body.

Monty felt stuffed, full, plugged to capacity and beyond. Danner's nine inches of prick felt more like ninety inches. It seemed as if Danner's cock had penetrated Monty's belly all of the way to an enlodgement within the base of Monty's throat.

Monty's eyes had popped open from the shock, but his vision was still blurred by his dilated pupils to the point where Monty was unable to focus in on the continued bouncing of Bryan's fist over Monty's still-hard cock.

Still hard! Jesus, still hard! Monty's cock... was... still hard! Despite the pain! Despite the humiliation! Despite the degradation and the shame! Still hard... for Jesus... Christ's... sake!

The pleasure Danner had derived from the slide of his cock to his balls up Monty's anus had been excruciating. But suddenly Danner wanted more pleasure: pleasure that would soon cause the skyrocketing of his guts and the cataclysmic explosions that would send oceans of his sperm spraying uncontrollably from Danner's ass-plugging cock.

Holding to Monty's hips, Danner yanked his cock out to its head. No sooner did he have it out than he pushed it in again.

"Oh, Christ... oh, Christ... oh, Christ!" Monty mumbled as he felt Danner's initial ass-fucking stroke soon followed by yet another... then another... then another.

Danner was aware of the tauting muscles along Monty's back. He was aware of Monty's groans: groans no longer for mercy but of defeat.

For Danner, there was only the pleasure, pleasure that increased with each thrust and with each withdrawal.

Danner's cock came out, jammed back in to hit Monty's prostate before it slipped into further anal depths. Each time Danner's cock head found its way into Monty's body, it was followed by the rest of Danner's hard prick.

The rape of his anus had certainly brought Monty pain. But, strangely enough, Monty wanted the pain. The pain he could understand. The pain was a natural outcome of abomination, wasn't it? So, although Monty suffered the initial fuck-strokes, he did so with a martyr's satisfaction, knowing that he had to suffer because he had no choice. He had to suffer because his humiliation was being forced upon him by others who were wicked and perverted in the extreme.

It was, however, the pleasure that Monty found the most difficult to rationalize. Because all logical reasoning should have made this experience anything but pleasurable. And certainly not pleasurable to a normal man. Yet as the fuck progressed, Monty found it harder and harder to deny the fact that pleasure *was* present. And while it had been temporarily overshadowed by the pain of Danner's driving cock, it was suddenly beginning to emerge again, beginning to show its ugly head above the pain like a pervertedly obscene monster.

And with the re-emergerice of the pleasure, Monty was suddenly aware of the fact that Bryan was still pumping Monty's cock.

MONTY'S COCK WAS STILL HARD! HOW COULD THAT BE POSSIBLE? HOW COULD THERE HA VE BEEN ENOUGH SEXUAL TURNON FROM EVEN THE PAIN TO KEEP MONTY'S PRICK RIGID!

"Fuck him, dad!" Bryan encouraged. "Fuck the bastard good!"

And Bryan, realizing that Teddy now had complete control over the movement of Monty's lower body, brought his left hand to Monty's balls and began to massage those cum-filled and lovely nuts.

"I think the shit-head likes getting his ass and cock raped," Teddy said, his weight anchored to Monty's legs, keeping Monty's body hanging straight except for the constant weave caused by Danner's fucking cock in and out of Monty's ass hole. "I think he's having himself one hell of a ball."

"Are you, Monty?" Bryan asked, wondering if what Teddy said were true. Could a man who *hadn't* been enjoying have maintained an erection through it all? Bryan, after all, knew that the one valid indication a master could have that his slave had been taken over the brink of pleasure into the pain was the obvious softening of that slave's cock. But Monty's cock hadn't softened. Bryan knew. Bryan had hold of Monty's cock. If anything, it had only gotten harder and harder as the fuck had progressed. Still steely against Bryan's fingers, Monty's cock showed no indication whatsoever of going even partially flaccid.

"Sure... he... likes... it!" Danner grunted, his words punctuating inward strokes that ran Panner's cock to Danner's balls up Monty's rectum. "God... damn... right... he... likes... it!"

"Noooo!" Monty denied.

What were these degenerates trying to make him do? As if it wasn't enough that they were using him like a woman, they were now attempting to make him lie about his enjoyment.

LIE? LIE? BUT, WAS IT A LIE?

"Nooooo!" Monty moaned again. And he bucked his lower body, thinking by doing so he might somehow increase the pain. But all he succeeded in doing was increasing the pleasure.

OH, GOD, PLEASURE! YES, YES, PLEASURE!

Monty clenched his eyes shut again. He was frankly disturbed the by visual turn-on he suddenly had from watching Bryan's fist continue its pump... pump... pump. Even more disturbing was the fact that Monty was wondering why Bryan didn't substitute his mouth for his hand.

How would it feel to be fucked and sucked at the same time?

OH, MY GOD, THE OBSCENITY OF SUCH THOUGHTS!

"Let's make him tell us how he enjoys it," Teddy suggested. "Let's make the bastard admit that—despite his butch masquerade —he is really just as queer as we are."

"You're crazy!" Monty screamed. "You are all fucking crazy!"

"And who had got the hard-on?" Teddy replied mockingly. "I've got one, Bryan has got one, Danner has got one, *and Monty has got*

one!"

"Bastards! Bastards! Bastards!" Monty moaned. Jesus, but Monty wanted it to end. End preferably now: right this minute. Because, he was beginning to fear what would happen if it continued for even a few seconds more. He felt his willpower, his pride, his self-control, all slipping away with each passing moment.

"Tell us how you like getting your ass fucked!" Teddy commanded.

And Monty almost—*almost*—heard himself admitting it.

"Make it end... make it end!" Monty bellowed. Jesus, but he doubted if he could take too much more.

WHERE WAS THE PAIN? WHERE WAS THE FUCKING PAIN?

"No... no... no!" Monty grunted. *No* to the pleasure. *No* to the *very idea* that Monty was enjoying. *No* to those primitive forces taking control inside of him that seemed to be somehow rationalizing how it was really all right to be where Monty was, enjoying the rape then in progress.

Who was it hurting? Women got fucked in the ass all of the time, so why not a man? Overpopulation made homosexuality almost acceptable, didn't it? Life was too short not to enjoy every pleasure possible, wasn't it?

"Tell us, bastard! Tell us!" Danner insisted. "Tell us... how good... it is... to have... my hard cock ... fucked... your ass!"

"Yessss!" Monty squealed, surprised by the needs inside of him which could have made Monty make such a perverted admission.

For how could he *really* be enjoying? These men were his enemies, for Christ's sake! These men were raping him! These men were liable to kill him once they had finished ravaging his body! How could he possibly be enjoying what they were doing to him?

DID HANGED MEN GET AN ERECTION AND ORGASM JUST BEFORE THEY DIED?

"Louder!" Teddy commanded. "Tell us louder."

"Fuck me!" Monty squealed. My God, was that really his voice? Was this really him: someone who hadn't even had contact with queers until a few weeks ago, now being raped by them, and enjoying the rape?

It wasn't possible! It... simply... wasn't... possible!

But it was possible, wasn't it? Oh, yes. Something had happened deep inside of Monty's guts, some suppressed need and desire had suddenly been turned free. And Monty *was* enjoying. He was

possibly enjoying more than he had ever done during his whole lifetime of sexual encounters. And Monty's only real regret was suddenly that he had discovered some vital truth about himself too late. Because admitting to the joys of gay sex now only meant that he had found them only to lose them; because, these three men now filling Monty with such ecstasy would soon kill him, wouldn't they? In a sense, Monty was the condemned man, receiving his last sexual meal before he was marched off to the hanging.

OH, FUCKING CHRIST, BUT IT WASN'T FAIR!

"Rape me!" Monty growled animalistically. "Rape the fucking shit out of me!"

And Monty's beggings were a further aphrodisiac for Danner who had already fucked pretty near the brink of an eruption.

"Rape you... rape you... rape you!" Danner grunted as his hips continued to batter Monty's belt-whipped buttocks.

"Yessss!" Monty hissed, suddenly wondering if it were possible to be feeling the ecstasy he was now feeling to the extent that he was now feeling it. "Fuck me... fuck me... Jesus... fuck me! And ... frigg'n... suck... my... monster cock... you faggot cocksucker!"

Bryan, as if he had just been awaiting Monty's command, immediately buried his face over Monty's cock, scooting his fingers away before Bryan's dropping lips.

Bryan's mouth fell, continued to fall, Bryan's lips finally coming to rest within the blond pubic bush sprouted around the base of Monty's stiff prick.

"Oh, sweet Jesus!" Monty groaned. "Oh... sweet ... sweet... Jesus... Christ!"

And, as if in miracle, Monty felt his nuts let go their load of hot male sperm.

"AAAAA... AAAAA... AAAGGGHHHRRR!!!" Monty squealed, his hips rocking to fuck his cock up Bryan's obliging face.

Huge soupy streamers of Monty's cum exited his cock mouth and draped the clutching confines of Bryan's throat. The spermal ocean came with such copious abundance that even Bryan's experienced reflexes couldn't swallow it as fast as it spurted. White thickness oozed out around Bryan's ovaled lips and Monty's cock base. Male cream caught in Monty's blond pubic hair and held there like large baroque pearls.

The spasming of Monty's anal canal, which resulted from Monty's orgasm, was the trigger that set off Danner's huge and fucking

cock.

Danner thrust his prick in to his balls one final time, grinding his thick meatiness into place. His cock ballooned larger, his balls hoisting all of the way to a disappearance within Danner's lower belly.

"TAKE IT! TAKE! BASTARD, TAKE IT!"

Danner grunted, wrapping his arms around Monty's sweaty body and holding on.

Danner's cock splashed its sperm, feeding Monty's chafed ass hole with a flushing of wetwarm cream that was a soothing balm on Monty's friction-ravaged anal passages.

Both Monty and Danner continued to be caught up in their ecstasy and in their feelings of wellbeing long after the last of their sperm had been pumped free of their large testicles.

Danner, as a matter of fact, would have been quite content to stay put, basking in the exquisite feel of his cock going soft up Monty's anus.

However Teddy, more anxious than ever to have a sample of the pleasures Danner had just sampled, wasn't prepared to wait any longer for his satisfaction.

Teddy released his hold on Monty's body and got to his feet. Walking behind Danner, he laid his hand hard against Danner's ass.

CHAPTER 12

"What's that pissy-ass grin for?" Sean asked, steering the car into a sharp right-hand turn.

"For several reasons," Monty said, recalling his experiences of just a week ago. "I smile, for instance, every time I think of how you turned out to work for Uncle Sam."

"I don't look like a government employee?"

"Truthfully, no."

"Well, you never looked much like a meat inspector, either."

"Touche!"

"So, you were smiling because of that, huh?"

"Also at my surprise at having you come to my rescue."

"Actually, you didn't look as if you wanted rescuing at the time," Sean observed, smiling. "You notice how I was kind enough to wait for Teddy to finish. I mean, I figured it would have been frustrating as hell for the two of you to be so close to orgasm, only to have me come rushing in with a bucket of cold water."

"You are so considerate," Monty said with an accompanying laugh.

"Yea, aren't I?"

The two rode in silence for a few seconds.

"You know," Monty said finally, "I actually considered you once as a potential rescuer. However, I quickly rejected the idea."

"Is that so?"

"Yea. I figured you were only interested in my body."

"I *was,* and I still am interested for that matter," Sean said.

"Again, I simply couldn't picture you as a government investigator on a case. I still have trouble picturing it."

"Never judge a book by its cover. Huh?"

"Is that an original line, I wonder?" Monty asked, settling back deeper into his seat, wondering where in the hell they were going. Sean had just called Monty and told him to put on a coat, because they were going for a little drive destined to end in a little surprise.

And Monty, who could have dropped over dead when Sean had come bursting into that cooler with a gun in hand, knew that Sean was quite capable of coming up with surprises if given but half the chance.

To think that Sean had had Monty under observation all of that time, without Monty even having realized it! Sean was obviously good at his job, since Monty had always prided himself on being able to categorize people at a glance. Well, Monty had certainly muffed up in his estimation of Sean, hadn't he? And thank God, he had! Otherwise, Sean probably wouldn't have thought there was anything at all wrong when Monty had broken their date on that fateful evening; nor would Sean have ended up finding it suspicious, upon driving over to Monty's apartment to see if anything was wrong, in seeing Bryan Myles coming out of Monty's apartment building.

Of course Monty hadn't been all that pleased by the fact that Sean had successfully searched Monty's rooms on more than one occasion, having found and photographed all of the papers Bryan had later found—plus more. Sean and his people, therefore, had discovered just who Monty was and what Monty was really up to. Monty had, as a result, become especially important to the government's investigation, since Sean's people had been unsuccessful in infiltrating the clandestine operations at Russel Packing, where Monty had expertly done so. So, even the hint that something might have happened to the government's potential key witness, even the suspicion that Monty's cover might have somehow been blown, had logically sent Sean into action. And, thank God for that!

In the end, things had worked out quite to everyone's satisfaction—excluding, of course, the satisfaction of Danner, Teddy, and Bryan. The government had its case, which was destined to blow the lid off corruption in the meat packing business. Monty had his exclusive story. And, possibly most important of all, Monty had come to learn a little something about himself which he hadn't even suspected before. That being that he *could* enjoy getting his ass

fucked with blood-engorged cock. Obviously every dark cloud did have its silver lining: as some old song had once stated.

Sean turned off the road and drove the car into a gravel driveway. He braked to a stop in front of the house.

"Doesn't look like anybody is home," Monty commented, surveying the rows of dark windows.

"Nor is there supposed to be," Sean said, opening his door. "Come on."

Monty followed, knowing it would be ridiculous to ask questions. It seemed obvious that Sean had some kind of little secret up his sleeve that he wasn't about to let out until just the right time.

Sean produced a key and unlocked the front door. Monty followed Sean into the house, thankful when Sean finally located a light switch.

"This way," Sean said. It was obvious Sean knew where he was going. He led Monty through the living room and into the kitchen. When he opened the basement door and switched on the light, he turned and smiled at Monty's obviously curious expression. "Don't ask," Sean said. "Just follow."

The two went down the stairs, down a hallway at the bottom, stopping finally by one of the doors.

"What in the fuck kind of game is it you're playing, Sean?" Monty asked, a quizzical expression registered on his handsome features.

"Just open up the door and feast your eyes on what's waiting inside," Sean said, a wide grin showing his even white teeth.

"You bastard, this had better be good," Monty warned. He reached for the doorknob and opened the door. All he immediately revealed was a roomful of darkness.

"There's a switch just to the right of the door," Sean said.

Monty leaned inside, found the switch, and turned on the lights.

"My God!" Monty exclaimed, seeing what the room contained.

"Pretty neat, huh?"

"What in the fuck is this?" Monty asked, still not believing his eyes.

"It's Danner and Teddy's little playroom," Sean informed. He walked passed Monty and into the room. He reached up for one of the several chains hanging from the ceiling; and, holding to the chain, he lifted his feet up off the ground. "I thought since the

owners were occupied elsewhere, the two of us might make good use of the premises."

"Wait one goddamn minute!" Monty said, watching as Sean let himself drop back to the floor.

"You've got a hard cock, Mr. Darnel, did you know that?" Sean asked, giving Monty a very wide smile. "I know, because there is certainly no hiding its bulge there in the crotch of your pants."

AND GODDAMN IT IF SEAN WASN'T RIGHT!

A
GOLDEN BOY
BOOK